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The Week

PRESIDENT HARDING'S proposal for the settlement of the coal strike gives rise to the hope that the administration has at last awakened to its industrial responsibilities. In spirit and in content the President's plan is just and wise. So far as the public interest permits, it is fair to both sides. If it leans somewhat toward the contentions of the miners, that is merely a consequence of the fact that the miners have the better case. It proposes the immediate resumption of mining on the old scales, in so far a victory for the miners, since the question at issue was the deflation of wages. But there is to be no interference with the mines now operated by non-union labor—a concession to the employers. The commission which is to be created will work out a scale for the industry as a whole—a heavy blow to the operators' plan of state and district settlement. But the commission is to be composed of five representatives appointed by the President and only six others, three elected by the miners and three by the operators, and its majority decision will be final. That is within an ace of compulsory arbitration, and would not be welcomed by any body of organized labor. Finally, the commission is to investigate every phase of the industry, and reveal every cost of production and transportation. It is to make recommendations looking to the establishment of peace in the industry and the elimination of waste due to intermittency and instability. That would mean the end of the operators' plan for an industry run according to their own sweet will.

FROM the semi-official comment that issues from Washington and London, it appears plainly that the departments dealing with foreign affairs are taking the German crisis more seriously than the press or the general public. The press and public are chiefly interested in the next few months. Will there be a German revolution and an attempt to renew the European war before October? Almost certainly not. Then why trouble ourselves about those distressing possibilities? Departments of state, however, have to look ahead. And what they see ahead just now is ominous. Since 1918 the standing of the German republic has steadily sunk. The royalists on the one hand and the communists on the other have steadily increased in strength, at the expense of the moderates. German finance has gone down hill at a tremendously rapid rate, and German industry is headed for a crash, when the bottom drops entirely out of the currency. There is less hope now than at any time hitherto that the French government may gradually be brought around to a policy which will permit the German republic to live. All the facts, then, point to complications growing steadily toward a condition in which liquidation by revolution and a war of liberation will be inevitable. How soon the final crisis will come no one can safely predict. But it will come, unless America, England and Italy take a more vigor-

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ous part than hitherto in the handling of the question of European peace.

THE French Chambers have absolved Poincaré from all responsibility for bringing on the last war. In future generations it is possible that historians may ascribe a trifle of weight to the vote of the Chambers. But they are more likely to find their energies absorbed in analyzing Poincaré's responsibility for the next war, or rather, for the next great plunge of Europe toward anarchy. It was the political menace of Poincaré that prevented Briand from joining with England in making common sense adjustments under which a republican Germany might live. In the interest of the profiteering industrials of the Creusot group Poincaré practically spiked the Rathenau-Loucheur agreement, by which the Germans would have been permitted to pay a substantial part of the indemnity in the only form in which they can pay it, their labor and industry. Poincaré killed the Genoa Conference and has succeeded in turning the Hague Conference toward futility. His record before 1914 might be lily-white—although it is not—and yet his chances would be excellent of being enrolled, alongside of the Kaiser, among the great architects of human woe.

SUPERFICIALLY nothing whatever is coming out of the conferences between the Russians and the western powers at the Hague, but underneath the surface many things appear to be taking place. The Russians want credits, and they do not care in the least where they come from, whether from the governments or from private individuals. They can get them in either case only on the security of concessions for the exploitation of national resources. The Hague Conference has given them an opportunity to spread on the counter all the concessions they have, and if the governments view the merchandise with jaundiced eye, that is not true of private interests. No actual bargains can be concluded so long as the conference lasts. But when it breaks up the British government will no longer be bound to restrain its nationals from doing business with Russia on their own risk. Possibly the British government might regard such an outcome with complacency.

ABOUT four years ago this week it became evident that the tide of the war had turned and the Germans were broken. At that time nearly everyone in the United States and a great many people in other parts of the world believed that this would be the last war; that it would be followed by the creation of a league of all the great nations on earth, so powerful that no one would dare take up the sword without its consent. That was 1918; in the reality of 1922 we in America find the National Council for Reduction of Armaments laboriously cooperating with similar groups abroad to produce an anti-war demonstration on July 29th and 30th, just as though the Great Exemplar of 1914-18 had never been. In Paris a Temporary Mixed Commission of the existing League of Nations, on Reduction of Armaments, has just been sitting. This commission has been seeking for more than a year to secure information on existing armaments from about fifty countries, and admits that the results are highly discouraging. Even to the mild concrete proposal that military expenditures be kept at the 1921 level, more than thirty nations did not reply at all; and of the dozen which did only one, Belgium, agreed. The others were politely evasive. Whatever international power is exerted in Europe through agreement today does not reside in the League at Geneva but in the dying embers of Anglo-French accord. Nineteen-eighteen seems a long time ago.

THE "favorable" trade balance of the United States continues far greater than before the war, though the abnormal excess of exports over imports of 1916-1919 has been much reduced. In the latter year the difference amounted to $4,000,000,000; while in the fiscal year just ended it was $1,140,000,000. This is still much larger than the biggest favorable balance before the war, $666,000,000 in 1918. It is 140 percent higher than in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, or 84 percent higher if the dollar of today be reckoned at a depreciated value of 60 cents. There can be very few persons so shortsighted as to feel today that a favorable balance of $1,140,000,000 is something for America to rejoice over. We have far too much gold in our hands already for our own good or Europe's; even when we take into account the sale of foreign bond issues to American bankers and the purchase of European currency by speculators, it is something of a mystery how our foreign customers have managed to finance a billion dollars worth of purchases in the past twelve months. In the light of the trade balance, and the probable future effect of the tariff in making our imports even smaller, any discussion of how Europe is to pay us that famous eleven billion dollar debt becomes purely academic.

THE President has commuted the sentences of two of the members of the I. W. W. who were convicted of conspiracy under the Espionage act and were serving terms at Leavenworth. They are

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Vincent St. John and Clyde Hough. The facts in connection with these men should be cited for their comment on the whole proceedings before Judge Landis at Chicago, as a result of which nearly one hundred men are still in prison. Vincent St. John was at one time secretary-treasurer of the I. W. W. In 1915 he severed his connection entirely with the organization and took up mining in Arizona. Nevertheless, he was among those arrested in 1917, tried, convicted, and sentenced to ten years at Leavenworth. Clyde Hough was secretary of the I. W. W. local at Rockford, Illinois. He was a conscientious objector and as such surrendered to the authorities and was sentenced to one year in prison, where he was when the Espionage act was passed, and the alleged conspiracy took place. Nevertheless, he was placed on trial with his alleged fellow conspirators. He was given no opportunity to testify in his own behalf, and among the four hundred verdicts rendered by the jury in less than a half hour, were four against Hough. It seems incredible that such miscarriage of justice could have taken place before a federal judge. Were Shelley to write his Masque of Anarchy today Judge Landis would deserve a place in that sorry procession with Eldon and Castlereagh.

"PARIS murders laid to spies of Soviet. Traces found of a secret council which kills agents who disobey. Kerensky papers stolen. Investigation after theft discloses that two were killed by poisoned tea." That is the story told in the headlines of a New York Times Paris dispatch of July 10. One shudders. So the Soviets have become an international murder gang? We expected it. But no, the text of the story disillusions us. It wasn't the spies of the Soviet who did the murdering. They happened to be the persons murdered. The murderers were Whites, of the Kerensky persuasion. The "secret council," if it exists, is white, not red.

Railway Arbitration Fails

THE strike of the railway shopmen demonstrates the fallacy of the theory by which, under the Transportation act, the Railroad Labor Board was constituted. In theory the Board protects the interests of all by including equal representation of employees, employers and "the public." In theory it is segregated from the financial and commercial aspects of railroad management, and sets wages and working conditions according to certain "principles" assumed to be just, and vaguely defined in the Transportation act. In theory either party has a right to reject its decisions, which, however, are expected to prevail by virtue of the moral support of "public opinion." As a matter of practice, each item of this theory has been shown to be either unjust or unworkable or both.

In the first place, the representation is not really representative. All members are appointed by the President. Although the wishes of unions and railroads are usually consulted, at least one of the present "labor" representatives is not the candidate of the majority of the unions. The representatives of the public are nominated in the ordinary routine of political administration, and it is pure luck if they happen to be competent. And "the public," unlike the unions and managements, is not an organized interest with defined aims which can be represented, but an abstraction in the minds of those whom the President happens to nominate. It cannot be canvassed by a strike vote. It cannot assemble in directors' meetings. The representatives of the public, in reaching decisions, do not represent anything except their own understanding, emotions and prejudices, and they act rather as umpires between two real and bitterly contending forces.

Do we not expect judges to perform very much the same functions? But the analogy is a false one. We possess generally accepted and broad principles of legal justice. We have elaborate codes of legislation and stacks of precedents. Judges are professional experts, trained in school and by practice for their duties. And lawsuits do not arise, as a rule, between exactly the same two groups of opposing interests year after year. In spite of these faulty safeguards against the personal equation, the decisions of courts of law in cases where the economic interests of large classes are involved are notoriously unsatisfactory, though they do command a grudging acceptance. But we are not agreed on the principles of industrial justice. The brief bases of wage-determination enunciated in the Transportation act are so vague as to be susceptible in specific instances of diametrically opposing interpretations. The public appointees have almost no professional training for their duties. Seated in their empty eminence, these three men have to divide the proceeds of the railroad industry between employees and owners, thus affecting intimately the lives of two million men and their families, and the millions of dollars of stockholders' income. The result is that their decisions are not based upon any recognizable or accepted principles, but reflect in the main their sense of what is expected of them by

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the interests having the greatest voice in the government and in the press.

Having made its decisions, the Board calls upon the moral authority of the government and the public to bring recalcitrant managements and unions into line. When railroads disregard decisions, transportation is not interrupted, and consequently neither the government nor the public takes notice of such violations. When unions refuse to accept decisions, they receive columns of newspaper denunciation, the Board itself exerts its moral authority in behalf of strike-breaking and union-smashing agencies, and the courts issue injunctions. Is the necessity of the Board's action certain enough to justify a national battle against hundreds of thousands of disaffected wage-workers? May not such a mobilization of civil ill-will cause more harm than it can cure?

Not because the wage issue is the sole or even the most important cause of the present strike, but merely because its complexity illustrates nicely the almost impossible task which we have imposed upon the public representatives in the Labor Board, we may review briefly some of its aspects. The National Industrial Conference Board, a research organization of great employers' associations, recently issued a news bulletin under the confident heading, "No Justification for Railroad Strike Because of Wages—Economic Status of Railroad Workers Still 18.7 Percent Above 1914, Despite Cuts." In the text of this statement it is said that "the economic status of the skilled mechanics of the shop forces when expressed in purchasing power is 10 percent higher than in 1914." On the other hand, the dissenting opinion of the Railroad Labor Board minority states that the purchasing power of the shop crafts, with the sole exception of the carmen, ranges from 2.5 percent below December, 1915, in the case of helpers and apprentices, to 19.8 percent below in the case of molders. Machinists, the most important craft numerically, are rated at 15.3 percent below. How can these two statements be reconciled?

The employers' association reckons in terms of weekly wages. It states that the shopmen have worked an average of 48.06 hours a week during the past two and a half years, and assumes that the average hours will be the same in 1922. The new rates, allowing for the slight overtime payment, are averaged at $.701 per hour, thus producing a weekly income of $33.67. This is compared with the actual average of weekly wages in 1914, which was $19.73. The increase of 71 percent in money earnings thus derived is compared with the Conference Board's figure of 54.9 percent increase in the cost of living, and the advance of ten percent in purchasing power is the result.

The minority report, on the other hand, deals with full-time daily wages. And, instead of using the employers' index of the cost of living, it applies the official figure of the United States Department of Labor, which shows a larger increase over prewar prices. The joker in the Conference Board's statistics is therefore two-fold. It compares the earnings for an assumed 48.06 hour week in 1922 with the actual weekly average in 1914, when on account of the industrial depression by no means so many hours were worked. If there had been no changes either in the cost of living or in the rate of wages, weekly earnings might be a little higher now than in 1914 merely on account of greater continuity of employment. This circumstance is made to appear in the Conference Board's figures like an increase in wage-rates. The distinction is important, because fuller employment for the men means also larger earnings for the management. In addition to this statistical stratagem, the Board discards the official, and higher percentage of increase in the cost of living, for its own privately reckoned percentage.

The majority of the Labor Board states that real wages of shopmen are now higher than in 1915 on still another basis of calculation—that of hourly rates. This statement is true, but it overlooks the fact that the normal working week contains materially fewer hours than in 1915, on account of the introduction of the eight-hour day. It would be fair to say that the shopmen have shortened their normal working week since before the war, but it is not fair to state that fact in such a way as to make it look like an increase in the purchasing power of wages.

The upshot of these complicated calculations is that the shopmen have gained since 1914 in the matter of a shorter normal workday, that their actual purchasing power may be slightly higher this year than in the slack times of 1914 on account of fuller employment, but that in daily or weekly rates for the same degree of employment they are now worse off than before the war. That means that they have lost on the long-term trend of wages.

It begins to be apparent that doing justice in wage-fixing is not a simple and obvious matter. And we have still to ask numerous other searching questions. What assurance have we that justice will be done if money wages are kept abreast of the index of the cost of living, or even are raised above it by this or that percentage? What year shall be used as a base? Suppose we take the year when real wages were the highest. Were they ever as high as they should be? Is it not practicable

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to make them even higher than they have been in the past? To answer such questions in detail would be to repeat the voluminous arguments presented to the Board, but a few scattered facts will show how little the basic principles involved have been considered in the decision or in the popular discussion of it. The wages of shopmen are now at least $500 yearly below what is necessary to maintain a family of husband, wife and three dependent children with a minimum of health and decency. Real wages of railwaymen were lower in 1914, 1915, and 1917—the three years which have been used as bases of reckoning—than they were in 1895, 1896, and 1897. (These figures are based upon official statistics of average yearly earnings, compared with retail food prices.) In spite of the fact that the average railwayman is thus taking no more—and probably less—out of the national stock of goods than thirty years ago, the physical production of commodities has increased in the same period about 30 percent for each member of the population. The productivity of railway workers themselves is indicated by the fact that, in 1920, 2.74 times as many workers as in 1890 moved 5.38 as many ton-miles of traffic. Thus their average contribution to the national income nearly doubled while their private incomes decreased. In October, 1921, before the recent cut and while railways were still suffering severely from the recent depression, the percentage of total railway operating revenue being paid out in wages was 3.3 percent below the average for the preceding twenty-six years.

To appoint a national tribunal and endow it with complete sanction of the government in any possible decision respecting the employment of labor, is to seize a power where we have not fulfilled our responsibilities. If a government were organized to do industrial justice, if it were prepared to take charge of production and distribution and to assure an equitable division of the product all round, it might justly claim the right to enforce a wage reduction. But as long as we allow large scope to private enterprise, to competition, to buying and selling and bargaining, any attempt of the government to reduce wages which are already demonstrably inadequate, and to do so without the consent of the employed, is an official aggravation of the existing inequalities of wealth and power, and amounts to an exhibition of capitalistic tyranny. It is deplorable enough for the government to stand aside when employers acting for themselves enforce low wages and long hours. But when, in addition to this, the government steps into an industry where the employees happen to have a little more power to better their condition, and fights the employers' battle for them, it is assuming a responsibility too heavy to be carried.

To be sure, the public has a right to throw safeguards around the continuity of transportation. But until it assumes the duty of equalizing income, it has no right to forbid strikes, either directly or indirectly. Mediation boards are useful. Continuous arbitration machinery such as that developed in the clothing industry is sound, because the arbitrator is not appointed from above, but rests upon the balanced powers and consent of the two parties immediately involved. The Railroad Labor Board in its present form and embodiment, however, is a menacing failure. If the unions should be forced for the time being to submit to it, the failure would be the more disastrous.

Zero in Politics

THERE is excellent judgment behind the demand of the Washington politicians that they be permitted to conduct the coming campaign by radio telephone, broadcasting to the voters their denunciation of the infamous opposition and the modest recital of their own merits. The citizens will sit at home and listen, a glass of lemonade in one hand, a palm-leaf fan in the other, and a copy of the Saturday Evening Post on the centre table as first-aid to the weary faculties if the silver-tongued discussion of bonus, subsidy and tariff should prove unduly onerous. By avoiding the acid test of going back home and summoning their neighbors to rally in Odd Fellows Hall or Ed Norton's Sycamore Grove down by the creek, the Washingtonians may spare themselves the unpalatable discovery that interest in political matters is at a pathetically low ebb, the lowest (with the possible exception of 1908) for a generation.

There is no counterpart today of the fevered times of 1896, when free silver was debated by leaders utterly ignorant of the subject they expounded. The picturesque figure of Roosevelt is not here to turn the battle for votes into a romantic melodrama in which St. George and Sir Galahad are combined in one person on a simultaneous quest for dragons and the Holy Grail. The Progressive movement seems to be revolving in its grave beneath the sod which the Democratic liberals so tenderly placed above it; but the Progressives lack a leader, a platform, and worst of all, a slogan. True, if European affairs continue on their present course, Mr. Harding may be able to run in 1924 on a 1916 platform—"He kept us out of war"; but that time is not yet. The League of Nations which furnished the inspiration for so many cubic yards of fatiguing oratory in 1920 is

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no longer a political issue in the United States. In his address at Columbus last week, the President made an extraordinary appeal for peace in the party. He indicated that the leaders of the G. O. P. glee club refuse to sing in harmony. But the problem is of just the opposite variety. The harmony is much too good to be exciting, the lullaby too successfully soporific.

For this universal apathy which has spread until it is shared even by their opponents, the Republicans are chiefly to blame. Mr. Harding's administration has been a very dull show. The Washington newspaper correspondent who came away from one of the semi-weekly conferences at the White House observing that Mr. Harding would have to produce something snappier if he expected "the boys" to keep on coming, was not far from voicing what the whole country thinks—at least, during the dog days. It is the President's misfortune, not his fault, that all the sign-posts the Republicans have set up point in the dullest of directions: backward. Not even those who will be victimized by it (which means nearly everybody) are able to get excited about the tariff. The ship subsidy is an iniquity, but about as interesting to the man on Main Street as a few pages of Kant's description of the Categories. The bonus, if the attempt is ever made to pay it, will have calamitous results; but in the meantime its chief effect is hypnotic. These three doleful matters constitute virtually the entire Republican program. A nationwide coal strike even more serious than the one Roosevelt successfully encountered, has served to lower President Harding's stock instead of raising it; for not even the final success of the administration proposal could efface the memory of inaction during a period of three months which ended in the tragedy of Herrin.

The Republicans may draw some comfort, though not much, from the reflection that their enemies are in a plight as sorry as their own. The Democrats still cling rather forlornly to the idea that the League of Nations may be revived as a political issue in 1924; without it, they have nothing but the general dissatisfaction with hard times.

They do not even know whether the liberalism which Mr. Wilson forced upon the party leaders during his eight years of dominance is any longer good politics; and only if it is may we expect to see it survive as a continuing policy. Mr. Cox is suspected of having buried himself deep under ground so that he may be dug up as something fresh and new in two years; Mr. McAdoo has hied him to sunny southern California to obliterate the notion that he and Tammany are friends; but the country seems to care not a whit or even half a whit for these manoeuvres.

As for the forces which in normal times form the nucleus of third party movements, they are disrupted and weakened. The Socialist party has never caught its stride since the war; in New York its ineffectiveness is openly confessed in the attempt this month to bring about an amalgamation with the Farmer Labor party, probably so called because at this moment it has few farmers and very little labor in its ranks. A new Liberal party is reported to be coming; but it has not yet outgrown the confines of a room or two in a New York skyscraper.

The universal conditions of political quiescence are no guarantee, however, that trouble is not brewing. Two years of deflation have flattened all pocketbooks and left the country in a resentful, albeit silent mood. The Republicans promised prosperity; they have produced nothing but reaction and not even very much of that. They would be well advised to consider the present calm as the lull before the storm.

The German Patents

THERE are more questions than one involved in the German patents seized during the war by the Alien Property Custodian and sold, whether for full value or for a song, to American concerns. Patents are property, like lands or houses or mercantile stocks. But they are something more than property. Far more than any tangible object they serve the purposes of control. Only in comparatively rare cases can substantial benefit be gained from tangible property held deliberately out of use. The case is frequent with patents. Mr. Garvan's protest on patriotic grounds against an administration policy which looks as if it might demand back the patents sold to American interests and return them to their former owners, is therefore not to be dismissed simply as a defence of a bit of war-time looting of which he and his friends have enjoyed the fruits. As our recent history proves, a man may profiteer heavily on war supplies and yet sincerely regard his function in supplying the government with what it needs as a highly patriotic one. Profits are too frequent a concomitant of patriotism for their presence to serve as a sufficient proof of the hypocrisy of patriotic professions.

Let us separate the two questions. Can there be any doubt that, as private property, the German patents ought to be returned to their former owners? Let us recall that by a clause in the treaty of 1828 with the Kingdom of Prussia it was agreed that in the event of war merchants of the one state resident in the other should be given nine

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months to collect their debts and settle their affairs and should be allowed to depart freely carrying all their effects with them. All cultivators of the soil, artisans, manufacturers, etc. unarmed and inhabiting unfortified places were to be unmolested in the pursuit of their ordinary employments, nor were their houses or goods to be destroyed, but if there was anything taken from them for the use of the armed forces it was to be paid for at a reasonable price. Nothing was said in the treaty about patents because the assimilation of patents to other property was not at that time complete. It is now, and any distinction to the disadvantage of the patentee would be only a miserable quibble.

We had our ground for disregarding this provision of the Treaty of 1828, and the long series of precedents in the practice of nations which was thought by international lawyers to have established once for all the inviolability of private property peacefully employed on enemy soil. The Germans had violated another stipulation of the treaty providing for immunity of American property at sea. Whether this ground was sufficient is a point we need not argue here. The problem is one of policy. Do we, as a nation of extensive and growing international economic relations which necessarily involve investments on foreign soil, wish to lend countenance to the bad precedent set by our European allies of confiscating all private property of enemy aliens? If we do, we are monstrous hypocrites in our attitude toward the confiscation of alien property by the Soviet government. The Russians had as much right, and more reason, for confiscating French and British property than we had for confiscating German property. So far as policy is concerned, it seems clear that no confiscation of alien property is ever justified. It introduces elements of uncertainty into international economic relations that in the long run far outweigh any immediate financial gain. As property the patents ought to be returned. And if American interests that acquired them in good faith and invested money in their development suffer damage, they ought to look for proper indemnification to the United States government.

But that would solve only half of the problem. Making all allowances for interested exaggeration in Mr. Garvan's declaration of the dependence of the organic chemistry industry upon the looted patents, it does remain true that a considerable measure of control of the industry would pass into foreign hands with the restoration of the patents. Of the four thousand and more patents of direct military use, the most are no doubt dispensable. But not all are, and it would be inherently absurd to leave it to foreigners to say whether our army should be permitted the use of them or not. There is something monstrously wrong with a system which permits foreigners to appear at our patent office and erect a bar to the use not only of devices of their own invention, but also to devices Americans would invent once their need was recognized. It is a sufficiently abominable thing to have our own private interests register an invention only to kill it. We certainly ought not to permit foreign interests to do it.

This, however, is a consideration which applies to other foreign interests as well as German. We are as much at peace with Germany now as with England or Japan, France or Italy. It is just as objectionable to have English or Japanese or French or Italians using our patent office to prevent us from developing branches of industry that may compete with their own as to have the Germans doing it. The inventor, wherever he may happen to be domiciled, deserves a return on the creation of his brains, but only for its use, not for its suppression.

Let us restore the German patents. The restoration will result in placing many of our industrial processes again under alien control, and that is something no one can regard with complacency. But it is an abuse under which we have suffered long, and shall continue to suffer, even if we are dishonorable enough to loot the German patentees of their rights; for the most numerous and most important inventions lie in the future. We need to suffer under it, and acutely, for nothing but a sharp sense of the evil will drive us to seek a remedy in a revision of our patent laws which will guarantee that every invention registered at our patent office will be available on fair terms for the use of the American people.

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The Ethical Paradox in Shelley

THE contemptuous neglect which such a poet as Shelley experienced during his life is one of those phenomena which in spite of its recurrence never fails to become a marvel to later generations. Still more surprising is the fact that his tragic death caused no immediate access of public interest, no reversal of public opinion. When Mary Shelley collected his works it is clear from her notes that she felt it necessary to roll away the stone of misunderstanding and indifference, a task that all her piety and love could not render a hopeful one. After her death Shelley's son attempted to do justice to his father's memory by turning all material over to Shelley's college friend, Thomas Jefferson Hogg, as biographer, but the first two volumes fell so ludicrously short of the standard of official biography that further publication was stopped and the documents withdrawn. When Walter Bagehot wrote his essay on Shelley in 1856 he took considerable satisfaction in the situation. "After the long biography of Moore," he wrote, "it is half a comfort to think of a poet as to whom our information is but scanty. The few intimates of Shelley seem inclined to go to their graves without telling in accurate detail the curious circumstances of his life. . . . We know enough to check our inferences from his writings; in some moods it is pleasant not to have them disturbed by long volumes of memories and anecdotes."

Bagehot exulted too soon. Scarcely was the ink dry on his pages when the flood of reminiscence, biography and personal comment began, and has continued to this day. To the Memoirs of Medwin, Trelawney, Jeafferson, Symonds, Dowden, and Clutton-Brock have been added the more minute researches of Forman, Garnett, and the Shelley Society. Even the diary of poor Williams, the husband of Jane and the companion of Shelley on his fatal voyage, has been published. Long before the pregnant secret of Wordsworth's life was revealed, every fact and circumstance of Shelley's, every scrap of his writing and every recorded impression or opinion of him by his contemporaries had been submitted to the magnifying glass; and this searching examination of behavior has now been supplemented by psychoanalysis with x-ray pictures of Shelley's mind. As a result recent criticism of Shelley, more than in the case of any other poet, has been compelled to take account of his life. The notable series of essays on Shelley, from Matthew Arnold's to Francis Thompson's and George Santayana's, with singular unanimity have divided their attention between his performance as a poet and his conduct as a man.

One of the sources of the fascination which has compelled this interest in Shelley's life and personality is the extraordinary contradictions which they exhibit. It was the sense of paradox about him which evidently first aroused the interest of Hogg when he met him in the dining hall of University College, Oxford. "He was tall," says Hogg, "but stooped so much that he seemed low of stature." "His clothes were expensive—but they were tumbled, rumpled and unbrushed." "His complexion was delicate and almost feminine, of the finest red and white; yet he was tanned and freckled by exposure to the sun." If the contradictions in the external Shelley add piquancy to Hogg's recollections, they become doubly intriguing when Hogg's testimony is set against that of others. Hogg refers to Shelley's voice as "shrill, harsh and discordant—it excoriated the ears," while Thornton Hunt speaks of it as musical especially in the reading of poetry. Hogg remarks the awkwardness of Shelley's movements. "He would stumble in stepping across the floor of a drawing-room; he would trip himself up on a smooth-shaven grass-plot; and he would tumble in the most inconceivable manner in ascending the staircase—so as to bruise his nose or his lip on the upper steps, or to tread upon his hands." On the other hand we have Trelawney's unforgettable account of his first meeting with Shelley at Pisa when he entered the room and departed unobserved, and Jane Williams' comment: "He comes and goes like a spirit, no one knows when or where."

Similar contradictions and discrepancies are reflected in his conduct to which they give the interest of an intricate problem. Shelley was untruthful —at least the truth was not always in him. Compare Hogg's simple story of Shelley's expulsion from Oxford by summary action of the Master and Fellows of his college with the lurid account which Shelley gave to Peacock of "a public assembly in which he pleaded his cause in a long oration." He was singularly undutiful as a son, calling his father "the fiery Hun," and amusing his school-fellows by the picturesque vocabulary in which he cursed at once his father and the king. He paraded his atheism in a hotel register. He was guilty of seduction, first of his sister's schoolmate and again of the daughter of his intimate friend, Godwin, whose house was open to him. To accomplish the second he abandoned his wife

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and children, one unborn, and carried along as a byproduct of his elopement another girl who was under Godwin's protection. Later he extracted money from his deserted wife, and invited her to join his new menage in Switzerland. Having made himself peculiarly responsible for the happiness of Mary Godwin he allowed his relations with her co-eloper, Jane Clairmont, and his interest in Emilia Viviani to cause her acute apprehension and suffering. Lying, impiety, seduction, cruelty, inconstancy—the words fall easily from the pen. And yet in spite of all this he retains a rare and essential charm, not as we might expect the charm of polished villainy, but the charm of innocence, gentleness, truth, of the very qualities to which his conduct apparently gave so often the lie. It is not necessary to rely on Mary Shelley's testimony to his generosity, honesty, purity. We know from other sources that he was utterly generous—what was his was at the call of any one who needed it. He was perfectly self-effacing in matters of friendship and ambition. There is every reason to assume Hogg's sincerity when he says: "In no individual, perhaps, was the moral sense ever more completely developed than in Shelley; in no being was the perception of right and of wrong more acute." And if we maintain that the facts are against him, we have still the uneffaceable impression of his goodness which leads Hogg to compare his features to those of pre-Raphaelite madonnas.

The truth seems to be that in Shelley conduct was divorced from character. To Matthew Arnold conduct was three-fourths of life; to Shelley it was far less than one-fourth. Of moral truth in the abstract he had, as Hogg says, a developed sense and an acute perception; of its application in detail to the affairs of men and to his own circumstances he took little heed. Add the facts of his life together and we fall far short of reaching the total sum of his character—the whole seems to be greater than its parts. Indeed, his dependence upon abstract principles which should guide humanity constantly betrayed him into concrete situations which he had not the specialized technique of propriety to carry off. Trelawney tells of his attempt, naked from his sea-bath, to circumnavigate an apartment in which some ladies were at tea, and when one of them voiced her consternation to convince her that her scruples were misplaced. Here, as so often elsewhere, he reminds us of those characters in eighteenth century fiction, in whom abstract virtue is set in antithesis against worldly propriety, as in The Fool of Quality—or of Dostoevsky's Idiot.

It is impossible to acquit Shelley of egoism, but of the baser motives of ambition, selfishness, lust he was singularly free. Indeed it is possible that his freedom from these common forms of temptation against which men have set their ward, was one reason why his behavior was often at such variance with theirs. Take, for example, the ground of strongest animadversion against Shelley. To Milton, chastity was a great ideal, a test and a standard of life to which he who would write a true poem could not be false. The reason, it is fairly obvious, was that Milton was himself a man of strong passions, to whose sense of integrity restraint was necessary. To Shelley chastity meant little—perhaps for the contrary reason. It was to him one of those fears and scruples which stood in the way of a realization of that perfect love which casteth out fear. According to Thornton Hunt Shelley while at Oxford had fallen victim to those bordelloes which Milton makes it his boast to have abhorred. His later life shows no recurrence of such a lapse. It would be too much to say that his emotions were not involved in his elopement with Harriet Westbrook; and yet there is no doubt that he was drawn into that affair by the Westbrook family, and his letters to Hogg show that his chief thought was to save Harriet's soul. He doubts and hesitates. "It is perhaps scarcely doing her a kindness, it is perhaps inducing positive unhappiness to point out to her a road which leads to perfection, the attainment of which perhaps does not repay the difficulties of the progress." The decision was taken when he wrote: "Her father has persecuted her in a most horrible way by endeavoring to compel her to go to school." Like Milton he found his wife "unmeet for conversation." While Milton by way of rectifying his position attacked the canon law of marriage as a superstition, Shelley presumably thought it wise and just to enter upon a kind of polygamy, which institution Milton likewise approved. Again, it is too much to say that Shelley's passion was not engaged in the union with Mary Godwin, and yet it may be argued that the protest against society which he was making counted with him for more than physical desire, and her willingness to share that protest for more than her personal charm. At least that is how it seemed to him when he wrote the dedication to her of Laon and Cythna:

> How beautiful and calm and free thou wert
> In thy young wisdom, when the moral chain
> Of custom thou didst burst and rend in twain.

If restraint, of which chastity was the symbol, meant little to Shelley the other principle which Milton upheld meant everything. "Above all things, Liberty" was his war cry. It is not the place here to discuss the historical circumstances

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through which liberty came to be to Shelley the supreme good. It was the result of his belief in the essential perfectibility of man, in the essential depravity of the institutions in which society has expressed itself, and in the power of man to will his entrance to paradise. Through the mouth of Cythna in the Revolt of Islam he utters this belief to mankind:

> Ye might arise and will
> That gold should lose its power and thrones their glory.

To arouse man's will was for him the supreme need, to free man from the fetters of convention and routine. He would again have agreed with Milton that of all tyrants custom is the worst. To startle men out of complacency and sloth, to make them conscious of their high destiny was Shelley's own appointed mission. Accordingly he directed his protest against the most revered objects of man's devotion. He protested against the Christian God, because he wished to denounce the world with which that conception of God was bound up. He challenged the deepest rooted institutions of society in order to shock his readers into attention. The fact that in Laon and Cythna the lovers were brother and sister is better known than Shelley's statement of his reason for it. He refers to it in his original preface as "one circumstance which was intended to startle the reader from the trance of ordinary life. It was my object to break through the crust of those outworn opinions on which established institutions depend. I have appealed therefore to the most universal of all feelings, and have endeavored to strengthen the moral sense by forbidding it to avoid actions which are only crimes of convention"—or as Milton might say "imaginary and scare-crow sins." Shelley was induced by his publisher to suppress this part of his gospel, which remains as The Revolt of Islam the complete and futile epic of revolution.

Complete, for Shelley had sought emancipation in very direction and from every bond—monarchy, government, religion, industry, morals and customs, trusting all to the free and enlightened spirit of man. Like Carlyle's Mirabeau he had swallowed all the formulas. Futile, for Shelley had no conception of these formulas as representing human nature and the social history of the world in which he was living. Here again his own nature contributed to his deception. He had, as Mr. Brailsford says, "no understanding of self-interest, intolerance, greed," of the motives on which men normally act. Naturally he never came to grips with these realities; his terrific blows never reached his opponent. This is to suggest Matthew Arnold's famous simile of the angel "beating in the void his luminous wings in vain"; but Arnold's figure has been too often shot to pieces in these latter days of Shelley criticism for it to bother us. One may paraphrase George Eliot:

> The greatest gift an angel leaves his race
> Is to have been an angel.

As an angel Shelley must be judged by his being, not his doing, in his wholeness not in his elements. And of this wholeness Shelley's poetry is the expression. At first sight it is another aspect of the dualism which makes him the most diverse and undulating of human beings, that he should have been both philosopher and poet; but this dualism is in reality a unity. Shelley's poetry was the synthesis of his life, by virtue of which he appears to possess an integrity not less noble than Milton's. With Shelley poetry and philosophy were one—a unit, and the office of a poem was to make this unity manifest in its wholeness. A poem he declares in his Defence of Poetry "is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth." Now Shelley's knowledge of life was undoubtedly very deficient from the objective point of view, but as his best interpreter Robert Browning points out he is above all a subjective poet. "Not what man sees, but what God sees—the Ideas of Plato, seeds of creation lying burningly on the Divine Hand—it is toward these that he struggles. Not with the combination of humanity in action, but with the primal elements of humanity he has to do: and he digs where he stands,—preferring to seek them in his own soul as the nearest reflex of that absolute mind, according to the intuitions of which he desires to speak." It was in his own soul that Shelley found those "primal elements of humanity" to set against the secondary product of man's society when he wrote:

> I will be wise
> And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
> Such power, for I grow weary to behold
> The selfish and the strong still tyrannize.

And it was from the same source that he drew that supreme stanza of Prometheus Unbound which prefigures the saint of the revolution.

> To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;
> To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
> To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
> To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
> Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
> This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be,
> Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
> This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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Vilhjalmur Stefansson

GOD help the man who shatters the cherished illusions of the people with cold-storage minds, the people to whom ideas that have had their birth subsequently to the days of their grandfathers are anathema. Such a man will most assuredly call down upon his reckless head the imprecations of that by no means inconsiderable host of persons who, like the Bourbons, learn nothing and forget nothing. This most sacrilegeous deed has Vilhjalmur Stefansson done.

Until this iconoclastic scion of a race of vikings sailed into port with his cargo of heresies the popular conception of conditions in the polar regions was as fixed as the planets in their courses. The divine inspiration of the Bible might be questioned; that Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare's plays be denied; and the age-old belief that a straight line was the shortest distance between two points be shaken to its foundations, but all argument ceased when the Arctic regions were mentioned—on this point there was practical unanimity. Everyone knew that the polar regions were one vast field of snow and ice—and cold! Well, no one who had not actually experienced Arctic temperatures could adequately describe how cold it really was. It was just like trying to explain how much was a trillion—it was something beyond the grasp of the finite mind. Then there were the long nights—six months at a stretch when it was pitch dark. But all these things, terrible as they were, constituted only part of the picture—it was the awful silence, the eternal silence, the haunting, mocking, palpitating silence of the Arctic wastes that finally drove strong men mad and elevated to the ranks of full-fledged heroes those wonderful mortals who occasionally succeeded in braving these manifold and manifest terrors and privations and returned to tell the tale. And tell it they generally did!

Stefansson's first experience in the Arctic was in the winter of 1906-7 which he spent in an Eskimo village, in an Eskimo igloo, learning the language and observing and studying the customs, habits and beliefs of the people. He admits that he arrived on the shores of the Arctic with the usual assortment of popular preconceptions.

That first winter's work led to the organization of a second expedition. By this time he had thrown off many of his previous beliefs and prejudices and had begun to see that it was not such an implacably hostile land as he had been given to understand. He saw around him human beings no more immune than he from the laws of nature that governed him: nature had not equipped them with any greater powers of resistance to cold than he; babies were born to these people and thrived; the aged and the infirm seemed somehow to withstand the awful rigors of the Arctic climate.

It was generally supposed that they were endowed with some sort of instinct which enabled them to find food where a civilized man could not—and anyway, they could eat food upon which the aforesaid civilized man could not subsist. But Stefansson found that to be not the case. He could live on the fare of the Eskimo and he grew to like it. Moreover, he found it possible, with his trained intelligence and his modern weapons, to kill more game than the Eskimo with his Stone Age weapons and his Stone Age "instinct." Of course he knew that previous explorers, notably Dr. John Rae, the famous Hudson's Bay Company explorer of the early years of the nineteenth century, and others of a later date, had lived for a time on the resources of the country in the same manner as the Eskimo, but the general impression, even among Arctic explorers, was that it was not safe to get too far from a base of supplies consisting of staple groceries. This, too, on the mainland where it was possible to secure caribou, or on the coast where seals could be obtained along the edges of the ice floes.

But the conviction was practically universal among whalers, explorers, scientists, and even the Eskimos, that sea-life ceased at no great distance from land; and therefore exploration work undertaken over the ice at considerable distances from shore must be conducted with due regard to the maintenance of a line of communication between the exploring party and a supply depot. Stefansson was disposed to dispute this. He argued that seals would be found under the ice or along the leads between the floes in practically any part of the Arctic seas—certainly the proximity of land need have no bearing upon the supply.

One of the objects which he had in mind when he organized his third polar expedition—the one that sailed for the North during the latter part of 1913, and which was known as the Canadian Arctic Expedition by reason of its having been financed by the Dominion government—was the demonstration of the soundness of this theory, in spite of the fact that such an eminent Arctic authority as Peary was doubtful as to the outcome of any such attempt.

The Canadian Arctic Expedition sailed from Nome, Alaska, in two sections: one branch, under the personal command of Stefansson, who was commander-in-chief of the whole expedition, was

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to undertake geographical exploration in the Polar seas north of the mainland of Canada, while the other was to carry out a program of scientific work along the mainland coast. Both sections carried elaborate equipment and a complete staff of scientists ranging from astronomers to zoologists.

Here is where Stefansson made his first mistake: he took on board an excess cargo of schoolmen happily wedded to the current fictions regarding the North, many of whom were extremely reluctant to admit that their preconceived views might need adjusting. Some of them considered it a great hardship if they could not import into the Arctic the comforts and conveniences of civilization, while Stefansoon believed in adapting his mode of living to the ways of the country. Prominent amongst those having this type of mind was Dr. Rudolph M. Anderson, second in command of the expedition, and in charge of the southern section. He had been Stefansson's sole companion —aside from Eskimos—on his previous four years' expedition, and before that had been a college classmate; so Stefansson apparently felt quite safe in nominating him for that responsible post. But he had evidently never fully understood the essential differences in their respective temperaments. Stefansson is by nature an innovator, a pioneer; he is aggressive, resourceful, self-reliant; he has that form of imagination known as vision; he has a highly intelligent mind ruled by more than usual common sense. But his bump of veneration is conspicuous by its absence: he is singularly lacking in respect for old traditions, outworn beliefs and cherished illusions. In fact, the man seems to take an actual delight in knocking the bottom out of them.

Anderson, on the other hand, appears to be just the reverse. He would seem to be an orderly person to whom preconceived ideas are things not to be rudely jarred. Not that he would willingly hold to a fallacy, for he is undoubtedly an able and learned scientist whose scholarship is undoubted; but his is a type of mind diametrically opposed to such a one as Stefansson's. Anderson is cautious, careful, conservative; Stefansson is bold, daring, venturesome. Consequently, when the two branches parted shortly after leaving Nome, it is more than probable that Anderson looked forward with a certain sense of relief to the carrying out of his own particular program of scientific investigation free from the disturbing influence of his enterprising and aggressive commander.

But the Karluk, containing all of Stefansson's scientific equipment and the greater part of his staff, was lost in the ice pack and he turned up one day at Anderson's camp on the north coast of Alaska proposing to make use of certain of the equipment which had been assigned to the southern expedition. He did not require much, for it was his intention to put to the test once for all the question whether men could live upon the resources of the country out upon the ice one hundred, two hundred, three hundred miles from land, but he did need sledges, dogs, sounding equipment, chronometers and other scientific instruments. In addition to demonstrating the feasibility of his theory of "living off the country" he expected to conduct a line of soundings, to determine the presence or absence of new land, and secure other desirable scientific information.

Anderson, however, absolutely refused to surrender any of the equipment, declaring that the proposed expedition was visionary and futile, that it was merely a "stunt" to gain newspaper notoriety, and that he would have nothing to do with it. Other members of the southern section were disposed to support Anderson, and, possession being considered nine points of the law, the latter seemed to have the better of the argument. Nevertheless, Stefansson succeeded in purchasing a certain amount of equipment from nearby traders, and some additional supplies were finally secured from Anderson.

Then commenced a trip which will undoubtedly mark an epoch in Arctic exploration: with two companions, Stefansson set out upon a journey over the ice of Beaufort Sea, the greatest uncharted area of the polar regions, which lasted ninety-six days during which time more than seven hundred miles were traveled over drifting sea-ice. Food for only thirty days was on the sledges when the party left the coast of Alaska on March 22, 1914, and from that time till they landed on the west coast of Banks Island on June 25, not a meal had been missed, seals having supplied both food and fuel. A line of soundings had been run through four degrees of latitude and nineteen degrees of longitude, incidentally determining the limits of the continental shelf which had not previously been definitely established, and much data secured regarding ocean currents as well as other geographical and scientific information of great value. But the greatest result of all was the proof that explorers, equipped with the necessary knowledge and ability, need not in future fear to trust their lives to the resources of the Arctic.

During the succeeding four years some new land was discovered, a great deal of land previously discovered was charted, and altogether over 100,000 square miles of land and sea were reclaimed from the great unknown. This later work, too, was hampered by the disbelief and, one might almost say, hostility, of Anderson.

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Stefansson did not return to Ottawa until some time after the members of the southern section had returned, and when he arrived he found that his subordinates had reported to the government in a manner most favorable to themselves, and of course to his disadvantage. Charges had also been laid against him before such bodies as the Explorers' Club of New York and the American Geographical Society. It is somewhat significant that after the charges had been investigated by the Explorers' Club Stefansson was unanimously elected its president. The American Geographical Society also investigated the subject and as a result Stefansson was presented with the Daly Gold medal; and later the National Geographic Society conferred upon him the Hubbard Gold Medal, the highest honor in its gift. The Canadian government department under whose auspices the expedition was organized likewise conducted an investigation, at the conclusion of which an Order-in-Council was passed conveying to Stefansson the thanks of the Canadian people for his services to the nation.

Then last autumn Stefansson published The Friendly Arctic, the story of his five years in the Arctic. The name of the book itself was a challenge to all believers in the orthodox conception of the North. The Friendly Arctic! Of course, the record of that expedition would not be complete without mention of the insubordination of Anderson and his associates,—although it must be admitted by every unprejudiced reader that Stefansson has dealt very leniently with them. He also elaborates his heretical views concerning the North. We learn that the winter is not the period of dread that we have been led to believe, but that it, excepting for the few weeks of total darkness, is the time when Arctic travel is at its best; we learn that Arctic temperatures are no more severe than those frequently experienced in a number of places in Canada and the United States; that flowers and an abundance of grasses grow upon the northernmost islands of the Arctic archipelago; and that the so-called barren lands of the North are capable of maintaining vast herds of reindeer which will one day add their quota to the decreasing meat resources of the world. And as for the silence! Well, read Stefansson's account of the grinding ice pack in winter, and the myriad voices of millions of waterfowl that make the Arctic their breeding-ground in summer!

The appearance of the book brought forth a howl from all those who felt that their interests, prejudices and preconceptions were being assailed. A learned professor who conceivably had been innoculating generation after generation of youths with the current fallacies took up his pen and wrote a scathing review. Several ex-members of the expedition, including Anderson, gave lengthy interviews to the press denouncing Stefansson; one scientist, now a professor at McGill, gave a column interview in the course of which he admitted that he had not read the book; and finally, Anderson and three of his former associates made an application to the new Liberal government for the appointment of a commission to investigate the whole matter, apparently hoping that in the desire of members of the Liberal party to pick flaws in the administration of their predecessors—the expedition cost quite a lot more than originally estimated—it might be possible to attack Stefansson indirectly.

And now on top of all this the National Geographic Society awards Stefansson the Grant Squires prize "in recognition of the unique interest and importance of his book, The Friendly Arctic, the outstanding geographic publication of 1921"!

D. M. LeBourdais.

Glands: Fact vs. Fiction

TO sift fact from fancy in the literature dealing with the glands of internal secretion is as difficult as it is imperative. Medicine has often been accused of being more of an art than a science, and in this new branch its art attains the heights of fiction. The term gland, in its magical omnipotence, is the fairy wand of today. Age fades at its touch. No longer would Ponce de Leon need to breast the stormy wave—a little ether, a little technique, a monkey's gland—and the Elixir of Life could be any home brew. Increased stature becomes a matter of proper glandular dosage and love but an endocrine imbalance.

Such visions find little place in the laboratories and clinics where true research progresses. Investigations which have been verified are only too few in number and these alone may be regarded as the basis of our present knowledge which may be briefly indicated as follows.

The glands of internal secretion comprise chiefly the thyroid and parathyroid, thymus, pituitary (hypophysis), adrenal (suprarenal), pineal, and generative glands. The thyroid and parathyroid are situated in the neck, with the thymus somewhat below in the upper chest. The pituitary, which is about the size of a pea, lies underneath the midbrain. The pineal body, only half as large, is above the pituitary and toward the rear of the brain. The adrenals lie astride the kidneys. The testes and ovaries, in the male and female respectively, constitute the generative glands. The func-

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tion of each of these glands is to introduce into the blood stream a *specific* substance which exerts its influence on the body in such a way as to establish an equilibrium and promote health. These secretions are thus carried to all parts of the body and are therefore termed chemical messengers or hormones.

Scientific investigation into the true nature of the activity of glands dates back to 1849, when Berthold demonstrated experimentally that an internal organ influences the composition of the blood and thereby the entire organism. He removed the testicle from cocks and grafted it under the skin in another part of the body of the same bird. Curiously enough, these animals "remained male in regard to voice, reproductive instinct, fighting spirit, and growth of comb and wattles." It remained, however, for Brown-Séquard in 1889 to present the most striking proof of the theory which he had formulated, namely that certain glands secrete specific substances into the blood stream tending to produce a definite correlation of function between different organs. At a memorable meeting of the Societé de Biologie de Paris, Brown-Séquard, then seventy-two years old, announced that he had carried out upon himself a series of experiments with extract of testicle injected subcutaneously which had resulted in an access of "physical strength, an invigoration of cerebral function, and a good appetite and digestion." This initiated the practical application of a new method of treatment, now known as glandular therapy or organotherapy.

But the chief advance in our knowledge has come from the clinical side. There are few better methods for understanding the nature of bodily organs than the study of their abnormalities. There is no need to review the lengthy list of diseases known to result from the overfunctioning or underfunctioning of one or more of the glands of internal secretion. Suffice it to say, that by inference and experimentation the various glands are known to perform certain more or less definite functions throughout the periods of development, maturity, and senescence.

Thus, the thyroid gland is recognized as the chief agent in maintaining the equilibrium of the human organism, especially with regard to the delicate balance between the different endocrine organs. If the activity of the thyroid gland is increased, it causes a corresponding increase in the activity of the adrenal or pituitary glands. Furthermore, the thyroid is responsible for quality in general—the brightness or dullness of the eye, the abundance or sparseness of hair, the smoothness or coarseness of the skin, etc. A deficiency of thyroid is the basis of cretinism by the arrested development of body and mind. The enlargement of the thyroid gland, on the other hand, results in swelling of the neck, which is unmistakeably goitre. This condition, singularly, is almost five times as common in females as in males.

The exact function of the thymus gland is still shrouded in uncertainty; its abnormalities are responsible for the prolongation of childish characteristics on the one hand, and a precocious maturity, on the other.

The pineal gland, that structure which Descartes believed to be the seat of the soul, is similar to the thymus in its effect, except that it appears to be more active in its influence on muscular development.

The adrenal glands influence all muscular activity including the heart-beat. They defer the onset of fatigue and assist in recovery. The final spurt of energy which carries the sprinter over the tape, just after he has felt that he must drop from fatigue is caused by the psychic stimulation of the adrenal glands which reinvigorates the muscles. An increase in their secretion causes an increase in blood pressure; while a deficiency is characterized by a bronzing of the skin and great languor. To a great extent the adrenals determine the color of the hair, its distribution and time of appearance—as well as the character of the complexion.

The pituitary gland, generally speaking, dominates dimension—by which is meant the size of the individual as well as of the various parts of the human structure, for example, the teeth, jaws and hands. Gigantism and infantilism find here their raison d'être. Another important yet curious function of this gland is the apparent supervision of occurrences that have a rhythmic or periodic quality, such as sleep and wakefulness, menstruation, etc.

All the glands previously mentioned are linked with sex, but none so much as the generative glands, which determine what Havelock Ellis has called the secondary sexual characters, namely, the masculinity or femininity of the hands, skin, hair, head, torso, and legs.

Against this somewhat vague background of generalities there stand out in rather sharp relief the comparatively few discoveries of indubitable value. Foremost among these is Kendall's isolation of thyroxin, which is the active principle of the thyroid gland. It is significant that of all the glands of internal secretion, in only two, namely the thyroid, and adrenal (yielding adrenalin) has the active principle been determined. However, this does not prevent many glib assumptions as to the nature and influence of internal secretions. It

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is only within the past ten years that a voluminous literature has sprung up dealing with this branch of medical science. It represents the efforts of realists, impressionists, and potboilerists. In the first category Biedl's The Internal Secretory Organs: Their Physiology and Pathology is the classic tome. A briefer treatise no less sound is E. A. Schaefer's The Endocrine Organs (Longmans, Green).

Both these works are concerned with the structure and functions of the various glands in the light of proved laboratory and clinical research. The same cannot be said for the facile productions to be found among the writings of the "impressionistic school," an excellent example of which is Berman's The Glands Regulating Personality. As Hoskins, editor of Endocrinology, and one of the foremost research invesigators has said: "Deductive reasoning which is the mainstay of a considerable class of self-styled practical endocrinologists, can be productive only when the premises are sound. A few examples of more or less dubious premises in current vogue may be cited. We are glibly told of the 'complex hormonic equilibrium' of the blood. However probable the existence of numerous circulating hormones, proof of their existence is almost completely lacking." The subject matter lends itself readily to armchair speculation. However, it must be borne in mind that the nature of the supposed active agents of the glands is unknown with but two exceptions. The confession of the limitations of present knowledge and warning against overenthusiasm by such authorities as Biedl, Schaefer, Hoskins, and Cushing, should give us pause.

But those in the third category fling far the banner which attracts the gullible. Harrower's Practical Organotherapy is in effect, a self-advertising manufacturer's plea for an increased clientele. To be radical in such therapy means to administer glandular products for every condition which does not fall within the circle of classical treatment. "Recklessly administering products of all sorts and conditions to patients," says Hoskins, "happily claiming as therapeutic triumphs all changes for the better, and ignoring failures, is not likely to result in very substantial progress. Some patients will be benefited; others, harmed; while many—judging from the vast amount of supposedly inert glandular debris administered—will be left precisely where they would have been if any other placebo had been similarly employed. Only one group stands to gain in any case, namely the vendors of the endocrine preparations. The mere fact that hundreds of physicians and thousands of patients have testified to having profited by the use of this or that endocrine preparation carries no conviction of its actual value to one who reflects that pharmacopeias are filled with useless medicaments of which the same can be said."

What of these potent preparations, many of which emanate from the slaughter house? Cattle are used as the source of supply. Obviously standardization of products is an impossible task, for no two animals are in the same condition with regard to age, health, and other factors which affect their own glands. Therefore how problematical must be the adjustment of these secretions when introduced into so delicately balanced an equilibrium as exists in the human body. It is a remarkable coincidence in the face of such circumstances when any agreement in therapeutic effect is forthcoming. Again, "the fact, and it is an uncontrovertible fact, that with change of dosage, exactly opposite effects are produced, is highly significant." This refers to adrenalin but may likewise be extended to other glandular secretions. In a word, the administration of glandular extracts is little more than mere empiricism. Empiricism however, in the hands of a true scientist may yield satisfactory results as shown in the treatment of myxedema and goitre. The danger lies in the indiscriminate use of glandular products and in generalizations drawn from insufficient data.

No discussion of glands is complete without some mention of monkey gland grafts, and the Steinach "operations." In the former method the aim is to transplant the generative gland from monkey to man in the hope that the graft will "take" and make up for the atrophy of the generative glands which parallels senescence. While this method has much to recommend it on theoretical grounds, nevertheless, in practice it is beset with many difficulties. Grafts do not always "take." And if they do, it is questionable whether they can maintain their functional integrity. Furthermore, there is considerable evidence to show that there must be a real deficiency, such as is produced by castration, before the beneficial effects of these glands can be established. The most important consideration, however, is the fact that little is known concerning the influence of secretions thus acquired on the other organs and secretions of the body. In other words, by enhanced activity in one organ a severe strain is placed on the other organs of the body with serious, if not fatal consequences. It will be recalled that a Mr. Bacon who filled many columns in the New York American with the details of his monkey gland operation finally entered the obituary column by committing suicide following his failure to attain the promised heights.

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The Steinach method of rejuvenation which is creating such a furore in Germany and Austria-Hungary is simple in technique and can scarcely be called an operation. It requires an incision, to be sure, but this is merely to get at the vas deferens (excretory duct of the testicle) which is then ligated. This causes a certain amount of atrophy which in turn stimulates a substitutive activity on the part of the cells responsible for the internal secretion bringing rejuvenation. Again there is the danger of undue activity and patients are warned not to change their mode of living too quickly or too radically. The case of a Mr. Wilson in England has achieved some publicity. After having shown remarkable improvement he wanted to lecture on his own case and tender his praise to Steinach. He engaged the largest hall in London for this purpose, but with dramatic suddenness died of angina pectoris on the very eve of his triumph. "He had been so overjoyed with his newly gained physical and mental strength that he overdid the enjoyment of life." Thus ended the interest of the British medical profession in this operation.

Spectacular as are the possibilities for rejuvenation and intriguing though they may be, the methods so far developed have failed to convince the critical endocrinologist owing to the failure to establish concordant results. Thus Steinach's method has been reported as successful in the hands of some, and as a failure in the hands of others. Such evidence has much in common with the "cures" of glandular therapy. The confusion of fact with fiction in this field is as much a challenge to the constructive attention of the layman as to the well-trained clinician. Majority opinions in medical science are only too often fallible, yet how much less can be said for the blind acceptance of a therapeutic procedure which is based on an inadequate physiology.

NICHOLAS AND LILLIAN KOPELOFF.

The Epic of Ireland

IRISH history is painful reading for Englishmen and those English writers who try to make it anything else are not very happy in their efforts for they end by making it unintelligible. History may be partial in its sympathies and yet not produce this effect. Nobody writes history from some peak on Olympus. Good history, like any other work of art, takes color and mood from the mind of the writer. Lecky's Irish History must be studied by all who wish to understand Ireland; so must Connolly's. They differ profoundly but each of them is a revelation of the truth. What you ask of a historian is not that he shall give you an account of events written somewhere above the snow line in a bleak impersonal austerity or that he shall attempt his task in the spirit of a man who holds that you cannot explain anything unless you explain everything. History so written is the most confusing of all. What you ask is that he shall give you a picture that is intelligible and throws some light on the facts. The difficulty about English writing on Ireland is that English writers find it hard to think of Irish history except as an aspect of English history. They bring to Irish social systems and motives English standards; and when the Irish character bewilders them, as it generally does, they do not look for the clue in Irish history, for that little Irish history they know is not the history of the Irish in Ireland but the recent history of the English in Ireland. History seen in this false perspective keeps all its secrets, for the man who relies on these methods goes in Bacon's phrase "hooded and looks abroad little." And as there is something unsatisfying to the intellect in a treatment that leaves a problem in the obscurity in which it finds it, this sort of history disappoints even those whose past it seems to flatter or palliate.

There was until lately this excuse for the English neglect of Irish history that it was to some extent shared by the Irish themselves. I well remember the excitement and emotion with which a few young Englishmen watched the beginnings of the Irish renaissance. Kipling's spell was then all powerful: force, good, rational, sensible British force was everything; the British Empire was the Roman Empire come back to life; small peoples spelt insignificance and the sooner they passed into the dusk the better. In this atmosphere the notion that Irishmen living under the shadow of this great blotting enveloping system could make their language and culture stand out somewhere on the page of history seemed mere saucy foolishness. This was England's mood. But there was not too much encouragement for these lofty ambitions in Irish politics either, lost as they were at that time in a twilight between the setting of one great effort and the dawn of another. If England could not understand this revival, Ireland did not open her eyes and her heart all at once to this spiritual revelation.

Why was it that this movement proved to be not merely a temporary passion stirring the imagination of a sensitive race but a real political force giving direction and a glowing power to the self-consciousness of a nation? Because, says George Russell, it satisfied some permanent longing in the Irish nature: it expressed some fundamental instinct in the Irish character. Throughout Irish history, with all its desperate calamities, there has survived this constant force, the Gaelic spirit. The Gaelic spirit is a Mendelian dominant, strong enough to assimilate every new element forced on its hospitality. Mr. Hackett in the opening pages of his brilliant volume (The Story of the Irish Nation, by Francis Hackett, New York: The Century Co. $2.50) puts this point, and writing his history from this starting point he presents Ireland's long struggle as a magnificent epic. This conception adds a unity to Irish history which gives it a romantic interest and throws an illuminating light on its problems. It explains the failure of the great confiscations and the penal

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laws and why in modern times neither coercion nor kindness could kill Home Rule. The mystical imagination of the Irishman explains the facts to which the cold reason of a Goldwin Smith, who thought the revival of the Irish language impossible and doubted whether there were any Irish ideas that were not "traces of historical accident or fancies instilled in the course of political agitation" gave no clue.

There is one dramatic confirmation of Mr. Hackett's main contention. Let anybody run his eye down the names of the chief Irish "rebels." Who are they? Tone "of English stock"; Fitzgerald, a Norman Geraldine; Emmet, "of English and Cromwellian stock"; Davis, "of Welsh Presbyterian stock"; Mitchel, "of Ulster Presbyterian stock"; Parnell, "of Cromwellian stock." These names show what a sea change, as Mr. Hackett calls it, all alien elements introduced into Ireland suffered in that atmosphere. Whatever her fortunes in other respects, Ireland is in this sense the most unconquered nation in the world. The Ireland that suffered the Tudors, the Elizabethans, the confiscations, the penal laws, remained Ireland and made her invaders Irish. It is perhaps significant that scholars like A E and Professor MacNeill, who are the most deeply inspired by the spirit of Ireland's heroic past are free from the strange nervousness that has overtaken some Irish minds and led them to believe that if Ireland accepts the treaty she is going in some strange way to cease to be Ireland and to lose her Irish virtue. These critics seem disposed to accept a view sometimes expressed in England that Ireland has no voice but a rebel voice and that her culture is not an authentic spontaneous force but something that depends on the stimulus of struggle. Her history is surely the answer to these misgivings.

From the time of the Union Irish questions have been closely entangled in British party politics with consequences not less serious to England than to Ireland. Mr. Hackett is writing the history of Ireland and it is not his business to explain the motives or the circumstances of English policy. He is only concerned to set out its results in Ireland which he does with graphic eloquence. The British politicians of the nineteenth century were faced with certain concrete problems due to the attempts of England in the past to make Ireland English: they found, that is, an Ireland Irish in genius with English institutions and English laws. Those institutions were producing poverty, death and violence. The view of land as property, which had established itself in English politics with the enclosures and the social policy of the English aristocracy, happened to be peculiarly disastrous in Ireland, not only because it is repugnant to Irish tradition, but also because the Irish landlord, unlike the English, made no improvements, and simply extorted rent from his tenants.

"In 1836," says Mr. Hackett, "a royal commission revealed the utter rottenness of a depressed, neglected, exploited, non-educated people. Out of work and in distress, there were 585,000 men with 1,800,000 dependents in all. The average weekly wage had sunk to about two shillings, sixpence a week. Lord John Russell thought that if these 2,385,000 gradually moved into workhouses they could live in a 'superior degree of comfort'." Now the English aristocracy applied to this problem precisely the same temper and reasoning that they applied to the English land problem. They treated the Irish landlord as they treated the English landlord: the Irish peasant as they treated the English laborer. It is quite true that the Irish peasant was twisting under the English paw but the English laborer was twisting under the same paw and he continued to twist long after the Irish peasant had twisted himself free. For in England the aristocracy was attacked by a new middle class that wanted free trade and got rid of the Corn Laws, but had no quarrel at all with the rule of wealth and no idea of emancipating the laborer, whereas in Ireland the attack was the attack of the peasants whose resolute combination gradually forced the English politicians in a well-known phrase "to banish political economy to Saturn." Once Gladstone understood that the English system was fundamentally unsuitable to the Irish tradition and genius he threw himself into the reform of that system with all the passion of his nature and the Irish peasant has emerged from the great agrarian revolution which has overtaken every European society in some form or another since the middle ages a free man, whereas the English peasant has been for the last century as helpless a man as you can find working on the soil. After the Church had been disestablished and the great land reforms had been set in train England was in the position of a creditor who has made some repayment. In the affairs of nations restitution made today fills the mind of the debtor: the obligations still unsatisfied are remembered by the creditor. Particularly is this true if the restitution is made under compulsion. It is significant that John Bright, whose opposition to Home Rule was the most impressive of all Gladstone's difficulties, had been almost the first Englishman to understand the iniquity of the land system we tried to force on Ireland. It is to Gladstone's credit that after removing two great abuses he saw that Ireland's dissatisfaction meant that there was still a problem unsolved.

After the great Home Rule split Ulster became the rallying cry of all the vested interests of property and tradition. There was a time when Ulster had been used by England against Ireland: in the last twenty years Ulster has been used by English Tories against English Liberals. Mr. Hackett's pages might give some readers, I think, a misleading impression in so far as they attribute to design failures due to weakness. The real trouble when liberalism began to revive after the great imperialist reaction was not that men like Campbell Bannerman and Morley wanted to put Ireland off with some trumpery scheme but that the House of Lords still held unqualified power. Nobody who knew either of these men supposed that the Councils Bill of 1907 was the measure of their liberalism: it was the measure of their difficulties. When the Asquith government introduced its Home Rule Bill Bonar Law and Carson threw over the great tradition of English politics which had enabled England to pass quietly through political changes that had produced revolution in almost every other European nation. For eighty years politicians had observed the great Wellington convention that parliamentary resistance was always to stop short of anarchy. Bonar Law and the Tory party created a revolutionary and unprecedented situation and the Asquith government was no match for it. It is not surprising in the light of later history that many Irishmen thought the Asquith government was not in earnest; the real explanation was that it was quite unequal to the crisis. If Ireland had produced a Cavour at that moment, the weakness of the liberals would have mattered less. There was and is an Ulster problem. Mr. de Valera recognizes that as fully as anybody else. Ireland ought to have proposed a solution but her politicians made the fatal mistake of leaving the initiative to England, thereby giving to Carson and

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his Tory allies the opportunity of which they made such violent use. So the two countries were flung into their last struggle. Of the final phases, so full of shame and disaster for England, who can count the gains and losses to Ireland? Today no one. Tomorrow, perhaps the whole world.

J. L. HAMMOND.

Mad Money

FOR the half hour before my train I loitered over a pavement bookstall and bought finally The Life of Reason, a worn First Volume, with the Introduction. There was a copy on my shelves at home, but this one could do no harm. And a few minutes later I sat reading it, admiring all anew Santayana's lucid world. The conversation of the two people on the seat ahead of me began to fill my ears.

"Party's right!" one of them was saying.

I looked at them, two women, one of them something under forty, the other around nineteen. The young lady wore sport clothes, a kind of rough lavender, with a round hat and a cock's feather, and had long earrings of cornelian, not bad in their way. She had clear and delicate features, and had plucked her eyebrows out to a line, a thread, that went very well with the bones of her head. Her companion had a straight-brimmed hat of red straw, from which the vermillion light reflected down upon her face, with ravishing intentions that were encored by a blaze of rouge. She too had plucked her eyebrows, but the line that remained did not in the least correspond to the skull beneath, and the effect was a sort of puffy stare. Her hands were plump and her thumbnails too short; but she, and the young lady also, had polished and wrought at all their nails till they were like some shocking variety of horn, like claws, and, even more repulsive, like the fresh viscera one sees in the windows of poultry shops.

The two were covering some social event when I first overheard them. The young lady was speaking:

"And so I went. And I had to drag a blind and all that. And you know when you get like that you don't know what's on, whether he'll swack or not, and whether he'll bring you a son-chariot or a hayburner—"

They talked on and I began to fall behind, as one does at a play in a foreign tongue. I heard phrases that I knew and phrases that I did not know. I seemed to be seeing through slits, now darkness, now lights. And when the words got more comprehensible the content left me still farther off.

"So I said, 'Let's hurry!' and he said 'All right!' and Mother said 'Look here, you'll be late sure!' and I said 'No, we won't,' and we were not either. And you never saw such a push in your life as was there, believe me, push is the word. You know I see where a girl shot a fellow the other night up at a barracks somewhere. It's awful. The war was terrible, wasn't it!"

"Did you see," the older woman replied, "where there were ten women suing for divorce in one day? Isn't it awful! I saw Mae Murray in Fascination, isn't it wonderful! Who do you think's the greatest movie actress? I said to Tom 'I think Mae Murray is,' but Tom said 'You may not agree with me but you know I think Katherine MacDonald is,' he said—" And so on. And meanwhile I was feeling very small.

When the two had got off the train I turned to the man on the seat beside me, a pleasant-enough-faced personage of thirty-five or so, with a small mustache and waving hair. He had looked up from his evening paper to watch the two women going down the aisle, and when they were gone had looked around smiling. "Skirts? Eh?" he said. I took the chance to ask him about the talk I had heard, some of the expressions at least. What was it, I asked, when you dragged a blind?

To drag a blind he said, was to go to a party with someone you had never seen. And to swack was to get drunk. A son-chariot was the car you got for your son and heir; and then of course you'd know a hay-burner was a horse.

I tried other phrases that had stuck in my head without their sentences. What was it to throw a mean bust?

"To have a fine figure," he exclaimed. "Like saying she's a mean kisser. Special or extra or something like that." "Oh," I said.

And what was a temp-stick that the young lady said she would bite off she was so mad? Temp-stick, he said, was thermometer. And pacifiers were violets.

Then, for one last question, I wanted to know, what was mad money, the young lady had said that of course she had her mad money along when she left home.

Mad money, he explained, quite seriously, is what they take with them to get home on in case they fall out with the fellow they've gone with.

"So that's that," my companion remarked, and went back to his paper.

Mad money, I thought, the phrase was not bad.

And I sat thinking of that company of three, the two women and the man. It was not the slang, there is always slang one way or another, and often lively and likeable enough, obviously. But it was the talk—that strange and elusive emptiness of it, always direct discourse, "I said, he said, she said"; always mere statement, never an abstraction or generalization or conclusion, never a word that cut down even a little into its matter or showed upon itself a tinge of experience or the shock of living. And it was the faces. How strangely empty the two women's faces were! You see them repeated in swarms on a New York street and in the trains everywhere. Faces empty though amiably hard; the faces of people who want nothing very much. Faces that are active, competent for the ends desired, jerked into lines with idle energy and idle possessiveness; but without any depth after all, untouched by things for which men have died, and with the expression somehow of oddly grown-up children, of experience rattled in on top of a twelve-year-old mind. In them humanity is visibly reduced to its platitude. They are like dinner plates; they have about as much sublety to them as a painted oyster. And how far, I reflected, was all this spreading over the country? Or over the world? And most of all what was to come of it?

It would be foolish, I knew, to despair over it, to become shrill about it. As foolish as growing cynical over the weather would be, which only takes away one's balance and resource. But I sat there feeling very lonely and lost. There was something of fright in the feeling, too, such as you may feel when you look into some of the popular magazines. What is it all about? It does not seem to be brutal or to be witty or clever or well done or barbarous or intelligent. And the millions of people that consume it all—you have the sense of being foreign, lost. If it were only barbaric, you might feel better; there is hope in barbarism and beauty in it, as everyone admits. But this active and competent and shallow adequacy!

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My companion was reading his paper still, and I opened my book.

I read two paragraphs and sat there thinking of Santayana's writing. I thought of its hard glory, its clear outline, its texture of rich and fine mentality. How well he knows too that beautiful and magnificent theory carries with it the obligation to say it completely, to give it the style, the imagery, the movement, the form—in a word—that the soul of it essentially is. Santayana knows where philosophy ends and poetry or religion or mysticism begins; he knows their relationship to life as he knows the relationship of philosophy to life. His thought may not be something to found a new gospel on perhaps—I am glad that it is not, there is so much gospel fruit in the land. But when more succulent and evangelical creeds fail one, Santayana may be good to rest upon. With him the mind gets its due noblesse oblige. With him feeling is distinguished and existence aristocratic.

And then I began to try to express for myself just what is that strange effect one gets from Santayana at his best of a kind of tragic peace, of a rich definity of all desire and knowledge and beauty, a kind of brilliance that is made up of our limitations, a deep sense of some fatal splendor of light that is more beautiful but less happy than dreams.

From these meditations my neighbor distracted me by turning over his paper and getting the last page of it smoothed out to suit himself. He appeared to have mastered the entire contents so far. My thoughts left Santayana and began to wander over that last newspaper page. A column about China, battles and massacres; a woman had jumped out of a window; a rum ship had been seized by federal agents—I knew the brand of it, narrative, events, with no comment, no point, no application, no hint of the surrounding complexities of life. Incidents and adolescence. Pure action. Juvenility of fact.

My eye fell then on a heading half toward the bottom; there naturally enough, I reasoned, the news conveyed being less murderous than the Chinese affair:

SHIMMIE DANCER ASKS DAMAGES FOR PERMANENT WIGGLE

Almost anyone, you might think, would smile or be amazed at that except the young man—and perhaps the millions like him. But all he did was to give a little jerk of his elbow when he saw this piece of news and bring the lines closer to his eyes. Then he began to read with profound absorption. It was evidently nothing strange for him, it had punch, it went, it belonged, it was life.

I looked back at the Santayana and put it carefully in my pocket. Some day perhaps, I thought, when I could no longer stand the company I was with, he would be my mad money and take me home again.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Cooperation in America

SIR: Harold Laski states, toward the end of his review of the Webb's great book, The Consumers' Cooperative Movement, that Lord Bryce remarked to him: "The time had come for America to organize a cooperative movement on a grand scale . . . now that the first ease of acquisitiveness has been exhausted."

Neither Mr. Laski nor Lord Bryce, however, seemed to know that America already *has* a cooperative movement, not on the large and prosperous scale that exists in Europe, but nevertheless, too significant to be overlooked. In the United States today cooperation has all of the advantages as well as the weaknesses of youth. Its healthy vigor, undaunted enthusiasm and self-confidence are often thwarted by its needless mistakes and its aversion to learning from the experience of others. Still it is growing lustily.

Moreover, it possesses an advantage which the older European cooperators sadly lacked. It has a body of thoughtful men and women closely working with it who are formulating and emphasizing the philosophy and ideals of the cooperative movement. The theory and the practices of cooperation are developing side by side in this country. In Europe the driving force toward cooperation has invariably been the urgent needs of the masses for food, clothing and shelter. The immediate economic advantages gained have been the bonds that have held the majority of its membership fast. The philosophy of the movement has come along later, if at all.

Visiting cooperatives in nine European countries last summer, I found that there were thousands and thousands of cooperative consumers and producers to one cooperative thinker. In Vienna, Karl Renner, Austria's former Prime Minister, now President of the Austrian Cooperative Union, told me: "When the administration of the daily needs of the 250,000 families of the Vienna Cooperative Society press upon us, few of these people have time to dwell upon theories of economic reorganization." The demands on American cooperators, however, are not as yet so great that they have not "time to think." The workers in the United States generally support The Cooperative League (the cooperative educational federation), in believing that the whole profit system is fundamentally wrong. They go into the cooperative movement, not only to gain its material benefits, but also to demonstrate that they can thereby work out a sound method of supplanting the present dominant economic system.

If Mr. Laski were disposed to seek the information, he might easily discover cooperative activity in the United States that would hearten him. At the present time we can count about 3,000 consumers' cooperative societies in this country, with a total membership approaching well over half a million heads of families, and with an annual turnover of $200,000,000. Such an accomplishment has required real effort as well as loyalty to the cooperative idea. It has not been easy to compete successfully with the high developed chain-store system so well intrenched here. Yet many of the better societies annually do a business of more than $100,000. The majority of the consumers' societies conduct stores. They begin with groceries, and then expand to supply other needs. Restaurants, laundries, coal, ice and milk distributive associations, and housing societies are flourishing but are still in the early stages of development.

The 1920 returns of the Bureau of Census show 329,449 farms securing their farm supplies, such as fertilizer, feed, twine, coal and household necessities through their cooperative distributive societies. Cooperative purchases by farmers amounted to $84,615,669.

The farmers' cooperative marketing associations far surpass the distributive societies in membership and in annual business. In the State of Kansas alone, the yearly turnover of cooperative farmers' associations amounts to $200,000,000. Roughly speaking, there are over 12,000 farmers' societies in the United States carrying on cooperative enterprises amounting to an annual business of a billion and a half dollars.

Cooperative banks are equally encouraging. The Bank of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers developed assets totalling $14,000,000 in less than two years. The resources of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and of the Association of Machinists, as well as of many other groups, are being mobilized in cooperative banking.

All across the country the industrial and agricultural forces are awakening to the fact that the democratic organization and control of credit and of their consuming and producing power must go hand in hand. They are using the means and the methods of cooperation toward this end. Lord Bryce was right: "The time has come."

AGNES D. WARBASSE.

Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

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The Crow's Nest

HE always was stopping, in a quiet considering attitude, with his broad head on one side, to take a fresh look at the world. He wasn't a poet and he didn't go around talking about it, but he had an affection for the place—he regarded it all as his home. At sea he would stand fascinated for hours at a time at the rail, getting the feel of the great mass beneath him—the strong, living ocean. Or he would sit on a beach, half the day, watching the waves, one by one, while his horse pawed the sand restlessly and stared at the waters. It was the same when he went inland: he understood plains. I joined him once in Nebraska, way off on a great bare flat prairie, where you couldn't see anything but more of the same in every direction. He had left his Eastern home and gone to work there, to live under those skies.

He liked hills too, and rivers, and winds. Each had something to tell him. He even liked deserts; he disappeared into one once for three years. In short, he seemed glad he was born on this particular earth. He traveled about and looked it all over; not the cities so much, which he seemed to regard as warts on its surface, but the old earth itself. He had an idea something could be made of it, if men ever learned.

His attitude toward men was not that of a fellow-being exactly. He didn't look down on them, like a teacher, or ruler, or general; he pondered their history the way anthropologists do. He thought of men as a species, trying to tenant the planet the best way they could:—a gifted, bewildered, pathetic, mysterious race. He talked of mankind as them, not as us. He hoped for great things of them; or rather it wasn't exactly hope; it wasn't an emotion at all; it was more a serene expectation that they would some day succeed. In mastering their fears, for example, and understanding their natures; and in being more generous in their quarrels, less cheap in their follies. Meantime he smiled at most of their barbarities—including his own.

This wasn't aloofness precisely. It was the consciousness, rather, of one's dual rôle. Part of the time he was one of this race himself, part of the time he looked on. He seemed to think everyone did this. Well of course, many do. But the way that he did it was a little different from the usual observer's. Politicians are observers, for instance, but they are concerned with the present; they deal with men as they are; but he didn't. His eye was on our future.

Imagine a lot of babies who know perfectly well they will some day grow up, but who meantime are helpless to do anything much about it but wait—that was how he regarded himself and other intelligent persons.

The simile is imperfect. Babies do grow up, but we don't; we must leave our hopes of better things to future generations and centuries. But he never felt cheated about this: a little wistful, that's all.

Meanwhile any signs that we babies were maturing encouraged him. He liked to see a man behave sensibly, even if it were only about some insignificant decision or habit. And when a whole nation did some sensible act, it gave him a deep satisfaction. He wasn't the kind of man to be thrilled, but he felt a thrill at such moments.

He liked to discuss the quirks and stupidities he found in his own nature, and plan how to civilize a few of his obstinate instincts. He laughed when he couldn't—at the ways his sloth tricked him for instance, or at his ego's unphilosophic indignation over undue demands on it.

He was skilful with tools of every kind, from a farmer's to a jeweler's. A tool in his hands became part of him, an extension of his quick brain. It was fun to watch him when he was working over one of his inventions—the materials seemed to come alive and jump around under his eye.

He rarely censured anyone but himself; never any body of people. His whole attention went into trying to understand their misdoings. Modern lynchings depressed him more than anything else; but, instead of denouncing them, he tried (vainly) to get at the why of them, like a scientist studying some cruel and loathsome disease. The only kind of men he ever really lost his temper about, were cynical leaders who didn't believe in men's future, and who cajoled and then bled their followers; or, in business, exploited them.

In his personal relations with people he was always doing kind things, but was always surprised if anyone inferred from this that he was their friend. He simply had an instinct of helping to straighten things out. The big tangles were not his affair—he had learned to take that for granted—but any small difficulty, any hardship or friction or quarrel that he could smooth he always would try to, no matter how much it cost.

He never found anyone stuck in a bog, without trying to give them a lift. Sometimes this meant money, sometimes merely undoing kinks. He would try to explain parent and child to each other, or an employer and worker, or persons of different temperaments, religions, or political faiths. He would go on difficult errands, write letters, plan, argue, make gifts, all from this impersonal desire to see things working better.

There was one thing about this—he was generous only in his own way. He hated to be asked any favor. But he liked to do it spontaneously. Hardly anyone understood he was impersonal—they thought he did it for them. They would then become emotionally grateful. This made him uneasy: he tried to be considerate, he didn't repulse them; but he didn't respond; he simply withdrew as fast as he decently could, and let their feelings die out.

Even people who were cool and impersonal by nature themselves, would become moved by what they supposed must be his feelings for them, and would speak of his warm-hearted loyalty and his wonderful friendship. Then he would look rather guilty, for he didn't have those feelings at all. He usually liked them, and remembered them, or most of them anyhow; yet in one way he didn't care if he never saw them again.

He had friends whom he loved, but they were few, and he never told them he loved them. It was as unnatural to him to speak of such feelings, while friends were alive, as it would have been to dig up the interlacing roots of twin plants. He seemed to think his friends ought to understand without any talk about it—understand by his actions, I suppose. But how could they? They saw him ready to do things for everybody as well as his friends.

According to some of his enemies, he had no heart at all, only an inexplicable interest in human affairs, like a visitor from some other planet, curious and kind, but remote. Well, perhaps he was remote in a sense. He belonged in the future. His soul naturally seemed like a stranger's to us of the present.

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

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Books and Things

ANYONE who knows Enoch at all intimately would have said that this part of New Hampshire, where we live without either luxury or hardship, was not the right setting for a man whose liking for both is so marked. Even now, when his presence here is altering my opinion by little and little, I still maintain that he seemed more at large on his tropic island. There he came to a halt, some fifteen years ago, after all his pilgrimages, there he has settled down to the life of what lexicographers call a plantocrat, there he dwells in a lordly pleasure-house of his own design.

When I was an undergraduate at Harvard most of the boys one saw in the Yard looked out of place there. One had expected an individualistic college, each of whose members was glad of the opportunity Harvard was giving him to be himself. What one beheld was an aggregation of units who appeared each to be guiltily aware of his failure to conform to some type, to satisfy some idea. A general impression merely, which took at first no notice of the exceptions, one of whom was Enoch. For him Harvard College seemed to be on trial. If he didn't like it he would go, panther-footed, quick-eyed, rippling-muscled, back to his native jungle. Meanwhile he was sampling the occupations which the community delighted to honor. And he was successful. He ran the hundred in ten and a fifth, he used to be certain of getting, at Mott Haven, third place in the running broad and second in the running high. He was the best fence vaulter but one that we had ever had, and he held the record in the pole vault for distance. It was quite in a way of his own that Enoch looked out of place at Harvard.

His wanderings did not begin as soon as he got his degree. He went to the Tech for three years, studied engineering, went into some engineering business or other, did well at it, sold it, and before he was thirty-five found himself at liberty to do what he liked. He liked to travel. From Italy eastward, up eastern rivers to their head-waters, in the more unvisited regions of China, in India most of all. He would deny, if you asked him, that he liked hunger, thirst, leaky boats, unfriendly natives, danger in any form, and he passed several years in places where these things are to be found. The impulse has been strong in him to go and see the most extravagant architecture, the most unamerican landscape. Quite as strong, perhaps stronger, has been the impulse to get away, to shake the dust of everywhere off his feet.

But somewhere one must live, and somehow. During my stay at Enoch's on his island I had a chance to observe his habits, to see him go forth to his labor. Up at six, the hour when day arrives en masse at that latitude, he had suddenly bathed, shaved, dressed and finished breakfast, he was out and about his plantation until noon, his own day's work was over before luncheon, a rather elaborate procession of courses, which never added up to more than the right amount of food. After luncheon the telephone would ring, and off Enoch would go, cursing and eager, to help some competitor mend a bridge or build a dam, or perhaps to superintend the setting up of the time-and-money-saving machinery that Enoch had advised him to buy. With all this he had leisure for books and his gramophone, leisure to take me out for scrambles up a few of the gorges of one of his rivers, leisure to ride.

Sounds a little grand—"one of his rivers"—does it? Well, why shouldn't words, for once in a way, sound like the things they stand for? Besides, rivers are as plenty as rainbows on Enoch's island, and indeed all the island landscape is grandiose and intemperate. The scale on which he lives, though, is due less to any wish to accommodate his personal style to the style of his environment, than to a fear lest he may grow slipshod if he doesn't keep expressing his self-respect in set forms. In a climate where even an Englishman, after years and years of it, has been known to give up dressing for dinner, Enoch can't hope to have the pace made by anyone but himself.

Here in New Hampshire, where Enoch and I are my prisoners for the moment, there is nothing intemperate in the landscape. My house sits on the southern slope of a mountain-facing hill, but our mountain, although the only thing of its kind nearabout, is not a mountain at all in some weathers. Just before a rain it is often a mere considerable wooded eminence. Sometimes, late of an afternoon when the clouds are taken that way it is a foot-hill thrown far forward from the sunset-range. On a day of blue haze it is mural-painted on an insubstantial wall, it is aeriform, it will soon be dreaming itself away into distance. Enoch looks at this view. The little he says of it is commendatory, but I can guess by his eyes that they remember and his heart longs for all the greens that mask his island precipices. Here it is safe, so safe.

As I look at Enoch, sitting on our verandah and looking at our view, peacefully, I think how once upon a time, so his fellow-traveller in India told me, when they came to a dark cave in which was a darker pool in which the monsters were higher powers of darkness, Enoch frightened the natives who told him this tale by stripping and swimming about for half an hour. And I marvel at his contentedness with his New England morning. We are alone in the servantless house. He was out of bed as soon as he heard me drawing my bath, and by the time I came downstairs he had contrived a good breakfast out of the few foods I hadn't forgotten to order. If we were camping I could understand his adaptability. But here, where our want of this and that is due to nothing but my slackness, how can he take things as he finds them? He doesn't, quite. This morning he has mended a reading-lamp, a thermometer, the field-glass, the water-butt, all without spotting the white silk—imported by Enoch in person from China—of his pyjamas, which he wears until midday. He can forgive none of my belongings its shortcomings. But my shortcomings, the source and origin of theirs, he takes for granted and doesn't try to get rid of.

Is it a sense of scale, acute in him at all times, which makes Enoch adjust himself so easily to the smallness of ours? Or is it middle age? On his travels he was an adventurer. On his island he is an engineer, a sound man of business, a demonstrator to all concerned that it pays to treat colored labor ever so much better than anybody had treated it before Enoch arrived. As my guest he is a handy man about a small house. Yet in some respects he is everywhere the same. A new interest never crowds out an old one. You are never certain what he will take up next, but you are certain, whatever it may be, that it won't make him neglect Rabelais, the English Bible, Milton, Herrick, histories of India, lives of men of action, silks, brocades, late Ming, the market for concentrated lime juice and raw limes. And the people he likes best don't change much—his oldest friends, servants, the colored natives on his plantation, men who work on tugs and dredges, children of all degrees. His preference for tug-boat captains is all Enoch has left of class prejudice.

P. L.

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The New
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Gorky and Russia

Die Zerstörung der Persönlichkeit (The Disintegration of Personality): Aufsätze, von Maxim Gorki. Dresden: Rudolf Kämmerer Verlag.

THESE essays of Gorky's cover—rather spasmodically, for Gorky was never a publicist—the period of Russian history between the abortive revolution of 1905 (Black Sunday) and the revolution of 1917. The last was written soon after the assumption of power by the first Provisional Government. Most people will remember that Gorky then became, for about a year, an indefatigable journalist. In his effort to direct the forces of revolution towards humane ends he founded a newspaper of his own and maintained it during the early months of the Bolshevist régime, which he criticized bitterly. His newspaper was suppressed. A collection of the articles which he wrote for it was translated into German in 1918.

Since then Gorky has accepted the inevitable. But it is not true to say, as both his reactionary and his Bolshevist enemies have said, that he has made his peace with Bolshevism. A real peace between Gorky and Bolshevism is impossible. Their conceptions of human liberty are fundamentally opposed. What he has done is to cease waging a futile battle. He has found a modus vivendi with the Soviet government, and he has devoted his energies to two great tasks,—the protection of men of science and letters from proletarian tyranny, and the spreading of education among the people. That he has succeeded in them Gorky would be the last to claim. They are superhuman. But what a simple and a great man could do Gorky has done. He has stood by his country. He has shown himself a patriot indeed, a truer patriot by far than the "patriots" who have maligned him.

We have said that Gorky's conception of human freedom is irremediably opposed to that of the Bolshevists. These essays contain the evidence. In them he defines his attitude towards the two primaeval tendencies of the Russian spirit which began to manifest themselves consciously after the failure of the movement "into the people" of the sixties and seventies,—tendencies which became explicit at the time of Dostoevsky's death in 1881, and extreme after the collapse of 1905. On the one hand there was the mystical quietism preached, in different forms, by both Dostoevsky and Tolstoy. Russia's mission, they said, was to suffer on behalf of the world. Changes of political forms were vain and not worth striving for. The concern of the Russian was with the soul itself, not with the conditions of its habitation upon the earth. Both Tolstoy and Dostoevsky ended by denouncing the West; they became anti-European. By his famous Pushkin speech in 1881 Dostoevsky became the spiritual leader of Slavophil imperialism and the defender of the autocracy. Tolstoy became so indifferent to the efforts of his countrymen for political freedom that he said not a word during the horrors of 1905. He seemed not even to have heard of them.

The complementary manifestation of this quietism was the gospel of "self-perfection." It also may be found in Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, because it is a primary impulse of the Russian soul, which is completely represented by those two giants. "Self-perfection" is, however, a very gentle name for the phenomenon. It is really an orgiastic individualism. Man must plunge into every experience, however degrading or criminal; he must know everything, suffer everything, try everything. The roots of his being reach beyond good and evil, and he must try to live in conscious contact with them. Constraints exist only to be broken. A man must see what will happen. He can find himself only by "self-laceration." The impulse, which breaks out in the innumerable orgiastic sects with which the history of Russian religion is strewn, appears in literature in Gogol; it found its fullest imaginative expression in Dostoevsky; it was realized in act in the amazing period of lassitude and self-abasement which followed the disaster of 1905.

We may say broadly that both these elements in the Russian soul are oriental. They belong more particularly, as students of the history of religion know, to the fringe between the East and the West. In the true East they are less extreme, they are accepted and disciplined. But the Russian, only half-Asiatic, is torn between the East and the West. Frenzied activity alternates with frenzied nihilism. The resignation of the East is poisoned by the ideas of the West; the humane activity of the West is paralyzed by the nihilism of the East. That is, of course, but one way of looking at the reality. In another light, Russia may appear as the elect nation destined to achieve a final reconciliation between East and West, and even if we shut our eyes to this Pisgah sight, we must admit that the conflict of these impulses has given to the Russian mind during the last century a vitality and significance greater than that of the West alone or of the East alone during the same period. Russia is either the scapegoat or the saviour of humanity; it depends upon the angle of vision.

The spectacle is fascinating for the detached observer,

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but it is agonizing for the Russian patriot. Who would willingly see his country crucified for the sake of the world? A sickening alternation from extreme to extreme, an equal annihilation of personality whether by self-abasement or self-assertion, an everlasting failure to find a point of repose, a catastrophic replacement of one autocracy by another, a perpetual decay of all institutions save those which reach back to the childhood of the race, an incessant murder of liberty in the name of liberty,—these are the realities. Mysticism or metaphysics may invent glorious names for them, but the names conceal a void.

So Gorky cries in anguish, "To the West, to the West!" It is the very rudiments of civilized life that Russia has to learn. It knows how to speculate on ultimates, it is familiar with the strangest vicissitudes of spiritual experience; it knows everything except how to live. The primary instinct for ordered and rational activity is dead, or it has never been awakened. The creation of a practical sense of personality is Russia's need, and instead of bending their strength to this, the greatest Russians, as though driven by some primaeval curse, devote themselves to the destruction of man's social personality, by the mysticism of self-abasement or self-assertion.

We can understand from this why Gorky so passionately protests against the influence of Dostoevsky. Dostoevsky, he says, is the genius of Russia, but he is the bad genius. Russia does not want men who peer into the abyss; it needs not men who can see beyond good and evil, but men in blinkers who will keep hold of some of the simple, practical realities of life. The Habeas Corpus act is worth infinitely more to a nation than The Brothers Karamazov. Dostoevsky saw the weakness and the pettiness of political revolutionaries in The Possessed; it was his duty to see their heroism and endurance. They were, most of them simple and straightforward men of action. It is easy to analyze away all need for action; it may be a permissible amusement in a society which has achieved some measure of personal liberty; in Russia it is a crime.

It is not easy to repeat Gorky's indictment. We are in a country where the familiar arguments for the freedom of art no longer apply. The freedom of the artist is a refined perfection of political liberty; it is an extension of the principle of freedom of speech. Is it not a kind of madness to claim the perfection when the thing perfected does not exist? Where the foundation is lacking, what is the use of gilding the pinnacle? Not that Gorky demands that Dostoevsky's works should be suppressed. He protests against the performance of The Possessed as a drama. And for the first time in our lives, we find ourselves in sympathy with a censorship. That is a measure of the social anarchy of Russia. Some of our axioms do not apply, because others on which these some depend are absolutely lacking.

Nineteenth century Russia was a brain without a body. The immense acceleration of literary activity was the work of energies which ought to have been occupied in the practical activities of citizenship. Since a natural political satisfaction was impossible, the pent-up force of the Russian spirit poured into literature. The force was tremendous. Scarcely a hundred years ago this virgin nation was fertilized by an inrush of Western ideas. Instead of turning them to practical account, unable to test them as principles of action, the Russian mind transformed them into mystical or metaphysical dogmas. The metamorphoses were astonishing. Just as Dostoevsky thought he was imitating Dickens when he wrote The Insulted and Injured, the Russian political thinker thought he was following the principle of nationalities when he proclaimed the intensely mystical doctrine of Slavophilism with its Mecca at Constantinople. In the world of pure spirit the Russian achievements remain; in the half-ideal, half-real world of political existence they are negligible.

Gorky insists upon this again and again, and he has devoted himself to the task of educating his countrymen into a sense of political personality. But his book has an immediate value for foreigners other than those who are interested in Russia for its own sake; it explains all that is mysterious in the strange phenomenon of Bolshevism, the more completely because every word of the book was written before the event. In the last article, written immediately after the formation of the first Provisional Government, Gorky seems to have had a clear premonition of what was to come. "We are hungry for liberty," he wrote, "and because of our love of anarchy it may easily happen that we shall devour liberty, skin and bone." In the light of Gorky's hopes and fears in the critical period between 1905 and 1917 we can see clearly the fundamental mistake of those who regard Bolshevism as an advanced social organization, as the final phase of an evolution from democracy and socialism, which the West may have to follow. We can also see the folly of those who fear the rise of Bolshevism in the West. Bolshevism is a first, not a last phase of society. It is simply a semi-Asiatic autocracy inverted. Not a single vital political conception has been developed under it. Perhaps a translation of Gorky's book might spare us the fatuous sight of Socialists, who have centuries of Western political experience behind them, prostrating themselves in ecstasy before an Asiatic despotism. Let us also hope that Russia will work its way up to the social level of an average Western democracy. Even that—considering the ninety-five percent of moujiks—may be the work of a century. Gorky has done his share of it.

J. Middleton Murry.

Mr. Strachey's Essays

Books and Characters, French and English, by Lytton Strachey. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

EVERY brilliant writer has his dull readers, if only he be brilliant enough, and among the many readers of Mr. Strachey's Queen Victoria it is the dullest of all who cannot hear the book named without repeating the word "irony." Whether they like irony or dislike it, they mean something by this repetition, and I think one of their meanings is that in their eyes all kinds of irony are of one kind. No living and no dead English writer can convince them of their error, if Mr. Strachey can't. The shades of his irony, in Queen Victoria and in Eminent Victorians, are as many as the persons who have sat to him for their portraits. It is covertly amused, it is openly amused, it is kindly, grave, indignant, sympathetic, it can express pity or mockery or admiration. Only by the function it performs is Mr. Strachey's irony ever the same thing. It is always delineative. It is the means by which he reaches his end, a likeness.

Portraiture was equally Mr. Strachey's aim in his first book, Landmarks in French Literature, published ten years ago in the Home University Library (Holt), portraiture incidentally of human beings, primarily of their thought and their art. Here, writing for English speaking read-

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ers, writing to sharpen and heighten their pleasures, and to put new pleasures within their reach, he appears to have seen his part as one to be played "straight," with flexible and penetrating enjoyment instead of irony as his medium of persuasion. Landmarks in French Literature is his only open-faced and single-faced book.

Books and Characters, the title of Mr. Strachey's new volume, makes a promise which he carries out exactly. Here the biographer and the literary critic have collaborated. Of these fourteen reprinted essays, ranging in date from 1905 to 1919, that on Racine is most obviously by the author of Landmarks, those on Lady Hester Stanhope and Mr. Creevey are most obviously by the author of Eminent Victorians. In the case of the quick-gleaming biography of Lady Hester, as readers of the New Republic will remember, the resemblance to Eminent Victorians is perhaps even a little imitative. "Lady Hester's," Mr. Strachey says in his opening paragraph on the Pitt nose, "Lady Hester's was a nose of wild ambitions, of pride grown fantastical, a nose that scorned the earth, shooting off, one fancies, towards some eternally eccentric heaven. It was a nose, in fact, altogether in the air." And in his last paragraph he says, after taking us from England to the East with Lady Hester, and up Mount Lebanon to her house near the village of Djoun: "Her health was broken, she was over sixty, and, save for her vile servants, absolutely alone. She lived for nearly a year after he [Dr. Meryon] left her—we know no more. She had vowed never again to pass through the gate of her house; but did she sometimes totter to her garden—that beautiful garden which she had created, with its roses and its fountains, its alleys and its bowers—and look westward at the sea? The end came in June 1839. Her servants immediately possessed themselves of every moveable object in the house. But Lady Hester cared no longer: she was lying back in her bed—inexplicable, grand, preposterous, with her nose in the air." It is an amusing picture, it moves us and has beauty, but isn't it, for Mr. Strachey, almost mannered?

Yes, if one can imagine a reader who knew the Landmarks, but who did not know Eminent Victorians and Queen Victoria, it is by the essays on Lady Hester and on Mr. Creevey that such a reader's conception of Mr. Strachey's gifts would be most surprisingly enlarged. Just as, for readers who do know the two later books of biography and who don't know the Landmarks—for the majority, in other words, of Mr. Strachey's readers—surprise will colour their delight in his Racine, where he starts from so slight an occasion as a disagreement in opinion with Mr. John Bailey, and then uses this disagreement to define, with exquisite delicacy and precision, the purity of that joy which Racine and no one else can give an English lover of order and insight, of a psychology that carries an unflickering light into the darkness of passion, of alexandrines that fall so easily, after how long a patience, into new cadences.

For every reader there is a searching quality in nearly all Mr. Strachey's literary criticism. He makes you ask yourself whether your ear ever can be, ever could have become, nice enough to hear Racine's music; whether, while reading Sir Thomas Browne, you have ever faced the truth "that there is a great gulf fixed between those who naturally dislike the ornate, and those who naturally love it"; whether, when writers upon Shakespeare were saying that Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale and The Tempest revealed "a gentle, lofty spirit, a peaceful, tranquil mood," it ever occurred to you to reread these plays for the sake of finding out that the commentators were or were not talking sense about "Shakespeare's Final Period."

Mr. Strachey's fundamental quality, upon which most of his other qualities are built, is, I suppose, a searching common sense, an independence of mind which may use an opinion he thinks false as a means of giving an edge to his own opinion, but which is never pushed into exaggeration by any will to disagree. The openmindedness of his common sense is one of his prophylactics against cynicism, which has been called common sense blind of one eye. "It never seems to have occurred to Frederick," Mr. Strachey says in the essay called Voltaire and Frederick the Great, "that the possession of genius might imply a quality of spirit which was not that of an ordinary man. This was his great, his fundamental error. It was the ingenuous error of a cynic. He knew that he was under no delusion as to Voltaire's faults, and so he supposed he could be under no delusion as to his merits." Sir Walter Raleigh once wrote of William Blake that "a man who dares thus to trust himself cannot but be consistent, for inconsistency lies in inferences and arguments, not in the array of things seen." Mr. Strachey, though he hasn't this particular passage in mind at the moment, exposes the fallacy that lurks in it when he wittily observes, of Blake's doctrine of good and evil: "The contradiction is indeed glaring. 'There is no such thing as wickedness,' Blake says in effect, 'and you are wicked if you think there is.'"

Mr. Strachey's wit is an acute exposer of the shams that his sanity perceives, and the shams he prefers to notice are due not to pretentiousness, but to mental indolence. "What could have induced such a man, the impatient reader is sometimes tempted to ask"—Mr. Strachey is reviewing a new edition of Johnson's Lives of the Poets—"to set himself up as a judge of poetry?" And Mr. Strachey continues:

> The answer to the question is to be found in the remarkable change which has come over our entire conception of poetry, since the time when Johnson wrote. It has often been stated that the essential characteristic of that great Romantic Movement which began at he end of the eighteenth century, was the re-introduction of Nature into the domain of poetry. Incidentally, it is curious to observe that nearly every literary revolution has been hailed by its supporters as a return to Nature. No less than the school of Coleridge and Wordsworth, the school of Denham, of Dryden, and of Pope, proclaimed itself as the champion of Nature; and there can be little doubt that Donne himself—the father of all the conceits and elaborations of the seventeenth century—wrote under the impulse of a Naturalistic reaction against the conventional classicism of the Renaissance. Precisely the same contradictions took place in France. Nature was the watchword of Malherbe and of Boileau; and it was equally the watchword of Victor Hugo. To judge by the successive proclamations of poets, the development of literature offers a singular paradox. The further it goes back, the more sophisticated it becomes; and it grows more and more natural as it grows distant from the State of Nature. However this may be, it is at least certain that the Romantic revival peculiarly deserves to be called Naturalistic, because it succeeded in bringing into vogue the operations of the external world—'the Vegetable Universe,' as Blake called it—as subject-matter for poetry. But it would have done very little, if it had done nothing more than this.

And Mr. Strachey goes on to tell us what more it did, in a passage which illustrates his wide reading, his insight

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into literary history, his admirable generalizing power, the wit of his sanity. This power to generalize is always delightful as Mr. Strachey uses it, whether as literary critic in the narrower sense, as literary historian, or on a canvas larger still. "The nature of that society"—I quote from the essay on Madame du Deffand—"is plainly enough revealed in the letters and memoirs that have come down to us. The days of formal pomp and vast representation had ended for ever when the 'Grand Monarque' was no longer to be seen strutting, in periwig and red-heeled shoes, down the glittering gallery of Versailles; the intimacy and seclusion of modern life had not yet begun. It was an intermediate period, and the comparatively small group formed by the élite of the rich, refined, and intelligent classes led an existence in which the elements of publicity and privacy were curiously combined. Never, certainly, before or since, have any set of persons lived so absolutely and unreservedly with and for their friends as these high ladies and gentlemen of the middle years of the eighteenth century. The circle of one's friends was, in those days, the framework of one's whole being; within which was to be found all that life had to offer, and outside of which no interest, however fruitful, no passion, however profound, no art, however soaring, was of the slightest account."

To read Books and Characters is to come again into contact with, and so to get a fresh sense of, Mr. Strachey's many-sided talent. It leaves me thankful that he has been such a great reader of letters and memoirs and "pure literature," as I believe we still say, and convinced that one of the best preparations for writing about books and characters not contemporary is to have done one's reading, as Mr. Strachey appears to have almost all of his, with no object except one's own pleasure. Books and Characters leaves me wondering, besides, whether I shall ever be able to describe Mr. Strachey's quality? Any one can see, of course, that he is a born generalizer, that it's this which gives his common sense its peculiar taste of mind, that such common sense as his has almost never been united with such plastic power, that this power is at its exactest and most revealing when his subject has moved him to irony. But what a bald account this is of the quickly alternating, easily blending and as easily separating pleasures that are waiting for people who haven't yet read Mr. Strachey's new book. For me, I am afraid, his talent will remain indiscerptible.

PHILIP LITTELL.

The Problem of Style

The Problem of Style, by J. Middleton Murry. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.20.

IN a day when everybody writes and when many are desirous of bettering their product, a book on "style" is commonly taken up with some expectation of definite aid: "How will it help me?" is likely to be the query. Such expectation will not be greatly met—at least not directly—by Mr. J. Middleton Murry in his assembled lectures on The Problem of Style. Few of its pages are meant for you and me and our simple, immediate needs. Most of them are concerned with the great things already done, rather than with the lesser things we may hope to do. Much of its space is given over to demonstrating the Olympians: Shakespeare, the Olympian of Olympians; Milton, an Olympian manqué, as it seems; Keats, an Olympian within his years, or through the promise of years that never came; Wordsworth, an Olympian obfuscated by moralism and weakened by a lack of vigorous sensuous perception; and so on. Such counsels as are given, sparingly, are counsels of perfection. "Here are the heroes," says our author. "I will explain how they came to be what they are, and you are free to emulate them to the best of your ability." The impression remains that half a dozen realized titans outvalue a myriad of struggling pygmies.

Matthew Arnold, in his defense of academies, had his thoughts on the man of second or even of third rank, and he plaintively asked why the journeyman work of English writers was so inferior to that of the French. We may well ask plaintively, in turn, why the journeyman work of American writers is frequently so inferior to that of the English. The writing of the workaday world must get itself done with adequacy and decorum. Mr. Murry, for all the general richness of his book, offers little direct assistance.

Style, as defined by him, is "a quality of language which communicates precisely emotions or thoughts . . . peculiar to the author." Style is perfect when the communication of thought or emotion is exactly accomplished. The position of the writer in the "scale of absolute greatness" will depend upon the comprehensiveness of the system of emotions and thoughts to which the reference is perceptible. Though our author cites Buffon only to reject, his own idea of style indeed seems to point directly to "the man himself," with all his accumulated experiences and his confirmation in a way of life and feeling by reason of them. As Croce says of Balzac, though in a slightly different connection, "style is but an aspect of character and action." Take Chaucer: one is ever conscious of the steady, kindly smile irradiating all his work. His was an emotional attitude, a mode of expression which was comprehensive. Without that asserts Mr. Murry, perfection of style is impossible, for it alone "can lend to the particular emotion which the writer has to express weight and coherence enough to compel language to be subordinate to it"; style being less frequently a triumph of language than a victory over language. And if emotion is held to be the essential driving impulse in easy-going Chaucer, how much more compelling is it in Shakespeare and Keats! The call, furthermore, is for an emotion systematized—an emotion become habitual until it attains the dignity of conviction.

Yet much good writing is done, and must be done, on a different plane—a lower one, if you like. The strain of an habitual cultivated emotion may be well and good, yet something is to be said for the expression of the feeling that does not rise above a calm, humane, enlightened interest. The merely intelligent creature proceeding tastefully, if humbly, has his claims and his rights. There is indeed a "hierarchy in literature," as well as in literary style. Not everyone can be at the top: all head, no body.

Mr. Murry seldom deigns to fall below the level of "creation." The idea seems to arrive as an entity: Minerva makes her sudden début full-limbed and fully armed—clothing herself completely during the brief moment of her transit. Not all critics seem to realize how a work of art tends to develop by the mere process of manipulation. A few hours spent beside the draughting-board of an architect, the easel of a painter, the modeling-stand of a sculptor, might teach something to those who decline to learn from the manuscripts of their fellow authors. How many of these can think only with pen in hand; and how much thinking, philosophical and other, would there be without

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the dictionary and its vocabulary? However, Mr. Murry, in his study of the process of creative style, does a handsome service by ranging symbol and metaphor in their proper place. He has his own term—"crystallization." Objects that give an emotional shock to extreme sensibility are not only the causes of emotion but symbols of it, and the man with the largest "vocabulary of symbols" has the advantage. And to make the particular a symbol of the universal is the distinctive mark of the great writer. Metaphor, far from being an applied adornment, represents the process of crystallization in its most elaborate form; it is the means by which a great poet alters, transforms and revivifies language. Symbol and metaphor, then, by all means. But do not allow yourself to be distracted by the musical possibilities of language, nor to be corrupted by a mistaken emulation of the art of painting. As for "poetic prose," that is the worst weakness of all.

In a day so largely given over to vers libre, the author's ideas about the relation between poetry and prose deserve attention. They can be anticipated. He finds that no hard-and-fast line of demarcation—many have suspected this!—can be drawn. His conception of style admits no essential difference between the two. Whatever difference exists is one of tempo rather than of structure; metre and rhythm merely promote a quicker susceptibility to emotion and thought. Anyone who has written fiction both in vers libre and in ordinary prose will appreciate this dictum.

Mr. Murry will perhaps have nothing but scorn for the suggestion that he might have produced a work of a more direct and practical nature—a "book of rhetoric." Rhetoric, in fact, is his favorite abomination. It stands for the opposite of the process which he calls crystallization. It represents—if one may draw on Poe's Eureka—the literary cosmos in its phase of expansion. Rhetoric, instead of condensing emotion upon the cause (which becomes the symbol), instead of defining and making concrete your thought by the aid of your sensuous perception, prompts you to give way to a mere verbal exaggeration of your feeling or your thought, and causes you to falsify it for the sake of a vague impressiveness. "By pounding on the keys with a hammer you merely break the strings." And along with Rhetoric would appear to go that "sweet lad," Diction: "To judge style primarily by an analysis of language is almost on a level with judging a man by his clothes."

Little rhetoric mars the pages of The Problem of Style. Mr. Murry made his pronouncements serially at Oxford, on the invitation of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose "Style" is a memory of twenty years ago. The difference in style between the two—or shall I say, the difference in diction?—is noteworthy. I recall in Raleigh an anxious and somewhat pallid correctness, quite divorced from momentum and confidence—a delicate dance on egg-shells. The manner tended to obscure the matter. The reverse with Murry. You often forget, happily, that he is writing on style at all. He can be hearty, and semi-humorous, and even indulge a taking catch-as-catch-can heterogeneity. He splits particles quite gallantly, and he will favor you, now and again, with a dislocatory parenthesis. But he is straight after his matter, and you will follow eagerly the details of a book that is well thought out and well-built. If he does not help raise the "novo peregrin" to Olympian heights, he at least assists him to a better understanding and appreciation of those who have been able to "salire alle stelle."

HENRY B. FULLER.

The Analysis of Poetry

The Poetic Mind, by Frederick Clarke Prescott. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

NOTHING is more desirable than that the nature and function of poetry should be analyzed, or the mind of the poet or fiction-writer explored; nothing is so rare in criticism of poetry as the discernment which knows how to operate without idolatry; but if we are to have analysis and discernment of this sort, we must insist that they should be exact. In this inquiry, we see clearly, (it should always have been clear) that criticism is really a branch of psychology. We have every right to insist that the inquiry, if it at all purports to be psychological, should be scientifically conducted; of mere vague happy speculation we have had quite enough on this subject—from Plato to Sydney, from Sydney to Shelley and Leigh Hunt and Arnold. This is a kind of praise of poetry, a song in defence of song; it honors the religion; but it has added little to the total of our knowledge. Consequently, when Professor Prescott remarks in his book, The Poetic Mind, that "poetry is itself a subject—the suggestion is clear—which can only be treated poetically"—he must forgive us if we begin to edge toward the door. There he lights garishly for us the fault of his book—for, if we can pardon him, even sympathize with him, for his religious attitude toward poetry, we cannot at all pardon him for conducting his investigation so persistently and prayerfully in a dim religious light. What we want is the dry light of science.

What we get, in The Poetic Mind, is an extraordinarily confused book which contains a few admirable pages and a great deal of rubbish. Professor Prescott has read an amazing amount of psychology—his preference appearing to be for James and Ribot, though he has also a reluctant respect for Freud—and citations from these and other psychologists play a large part in his work. This, no doubt, will give some people the impression that the book is a scientific one. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is really a glorified Ph. D. thesis: an enormous accumulation of quotations—poetic, critical, psychological, and religious,—which the author makes a heroic but wholly unsuccessful attempt to fuse into unity. One does not need to be much of a psychologist to realize that one cannot without disaster compound the terms of Freud with those of James, or Ribot, or Bergson; or, again, compound this compound with the terms of Hunt and Keble; or lastly, compound this confusion with the transcendentalisms of Emerson and Carlyle. One feels ultimately that it is the author's intention not so much to discover dryly and accurately the "why" of poetry, with the aid of the new psychology, as to show that even if reduced, by this dreadful psychology, to terms of "wish-thinking" or whatever, poetry remains beautiful and mysterious, a mystic and prophetic expression of the "general mind", a throbbing vein which connects man with the luminous infinite. Is Professor Prescott really engaged in a defence of his own somewhat sentimentally idolatrous attitude towards poetry and the poet? One notes his luxuriation in such terms as the "poetic vision," the "poetic madness," and "inspiration" (with a suggestion of "influx" from the "general mind"). For Professor Prescott, despite his delvings in modern psychology, the soul appears still to remain a definite reality, and one suspects that he identifies it with the "subconscious." What one feels that he is attempting is a sort of adjustment between poetry as "revelation" and poetry

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as a product of trauma or social pressure. His interest, in short, is a religious interest, and focusses itself on that point at which the physical becomes the metaphysical: even in the act of seeing poetry as wish-fulfillment, he sees it also as a cooperation of the "indwelling" and the "over-soul."

In other words, Professor Prescott's aim is not really a scientific aim, and his employment of the psychological method is purely mediate, even when fairly precise. He has his moments of precision—his chapters on imagination are, if not original, suggestive, and he deals not too inadequately with the matter of wish-fulfillment. But in general, his best pages are those in which he himself contributes least—he has, for example, excellent things to say on symbolism, simply because he accepts the Freudian lead. When he goes further than this, and attempts to develop an idea, or to relate it to other ideas, he is immediately in difficulties. The amount of loose imaginative generalization, and of vague sentimental analogy which he employs is remarkable. The prolixity is unbearable. The book is at least four times as long as it should have been, and in consequence its good bits are simply lost in the enthusiastic profuse confusion. And everywhere is the platitudinous professorial drone. "How did God create the world? Not surely in six days—for the biblical myth must be interpreted—but by a gradual evolutionary process." How true: how extremely true.

It is difficult to pick out, from this extraordinarily uncorrelated welter, points for discussion; but the attempt must be made. We pass swiftly by when Professor Prescott argues that as Emerson's "over-soul" is so widely and eagerly read, there must therefore be truth in the doctrine of revelation as an influx from the "unique mind." We glide away with averted faces when he argues that "man must have 'innate ideas' (in some sense) and sentiments which cannot be explained as arising from his individual experience"—adducing as testimony Wordsworth's Intimations. We merely wonder whether a man who believes in innate ideas, and who reasons in this fashion, can possibly be taken seriously as a psychologist. More interesting is it, perhaps, to quarrel with him over his view of the precise mechanism of "inspiration." This is an affair which he takes with religious seriousness—he appears to believe that the poet's "vision" is an intense and shattering thing, a violent seizure which transfigures the poet, whirls him out of time and space, and is accompanied by a profound emotional disturbance. This vision, it would appear, is purely visual—it has no verbal associations, and only when it is over does the poet then turn to the completely separate affair of "composition." Having recovered from the seizure, he sets about a laborious and inadequate translation of his extraordinary experience into metrical language . . . If, desiring to refute this absurd simplification, we were to employ Professor Prescott's method of simply quoting an opposite opinion, we might invoke M. Kostyleff, who in his Mécanisme Cérébral de la Pensée (which remains the only reasonable piece of investigation on this subject) reduces the affair of inspiration to a matter largely of "verbal association":—brushing aside any possibility of "innate ideas" and ridiculing the usual myth of "emotional disturbance." M. Kostyleff maintains that some stimulus of experience sets in motion a train of associations which are *specifically verbal* and *prosodic,* positing that the poet is an individual in whom the variety of "verbal associations" is particularly large, and particularly related to the poet's own sensibility. This seems eminently more reasonable. For of course "inspiration" and "composition" cannot be separated: they are one and the same thing. Anyone can indulge in a daydream or vivid recollection or vivid anticipation (which is all there is to "vision") but not everybody is a poet. The poet is the individual in whom the process of daydreaming is inseparably bound up with what the behaviorists call the "language habit." What is more, by far the greater part of any given poem is generated in the act of composition: as M. Kostyleff remarks, the initial stimulus, the stimulus which first set the language habit to work, is soon lost sight of in the wealth of other language associations which are evoked from the subconscious, and the greater part of the poem may therefore have little or nothing to do with what Professor Prescott calls the "vision." It follows from this that even a bad poem is "inspired"—the badness is not caused, as Professor Prescott thinks, by the failure of the poet to evoke the subconscious: he may evoke his subconscious quite as much as the good poet does. The deficiency in such a case is primarily a deficiency of sensibility. This, in the case of the bad poet, was from the outset not sufficiently acute, and therefore the language associations which are evoked are neither rich nor individual. Thus the product of the "unconscious mind" is not, as Professor Prescott thinks, inevitably "original." It may be, and often is, as dull as ditchwater.

This appears to be a point of fundamental importance, and as Professor Prescott seems here to go seriously astray, so inevitably he is astray in much that follows from it. Only less serious, however, are some of his other errors. He seems, for example, to be somewhat confused by the matter of what he terms the "subjects of poetry." The subjects of poetry, he informs us, are in the realm of the "half-unknown" and "half-hidden": distance and dimness provide the charm. How can this doctrine be reconciled with that of wish-fulfillment or that "influx of the Unique Mind"? The connections are not obvious. The error here is the very old one of setting apart a particular class of phenomena as specifically and objectively "poetic." "The imagination starts only when the subject is more obscure, when it is a little more distant or dimly seen, when in consequence it begins to have color and shadow, when it begins to have mystery." But that, while true of certain kinds of poetry, offering a key to the cases of certain individual poets, (Coleridge for example) can by no means afford a safe basis for sweeping generalization. What are we to do with Wordsworth's "And never lifted up a single stone," or Dante's "disiato riso" or Webster's "Cover her face. Mine eyes dazzle. She died young."—? The question is, after all, not so simple. To one poet it may be the distant and dim which are, by association, poetic, and to another it may be just as clearly the near and precise. . . . It is perhaps another aspect of the same error that leads Professor Prescott to say that in poetry "a direct expression is improper or impossible; a veiled or 'poetical' one is the recourse. The motive impulse in poetry is supplied by the poet's desires. But these cannot give themselves free expression." What Professor Prescott does not see here is that poetry is *itself* the indirect expression, the substitute for action, but that *in* poetry the expression may be, and very often is, perfectly direct. Again, we encounter a distinction made between the "Motive and inspiration" of poetry, which are traced to the desires of the "individual," and the form or "art," which are traced to "social" authority or convention. Is this distinction quite sound? It would appear that "motive and inspiration" are just as apt to show "social" influence, the influence of audience and tradition, as "form."

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This error we can follow back to Professor Prescott's artificial separation of "vision" and "composition." The two things cannot be parted, and social influence will be as conspicuous in the one as in the other, or as inconspicuous. The poet is one in whom feeling and thinking are inseparably associated with language and prosody; and the influence of traditions or taste will therefore operate on thought and language as if they were one.

These errors and confusions are characteristic of Professor Prescott's book. He has, as we have said, his good pages; he attempts an excellent thing; but the attempt is not enough, nor is it enough that in erudition Professor Prescott is a "miracle of nature, breathing libraries." What we want is a concise and accurate behavioristic study. And Professor Kostyleff's book remains the only one which is remotely of this nature.

CONRAD AIKEN.

English Metrists

English Metrists: Being a sketch of English prosodical criticism from Elizabethan times to the present day, by T. S. Omond. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.50.

Milton's Prosody with a chapter on accentual verse and notes, by Robert Bridges. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.20.

METROLOGY is expectant. For the last two thousand years its professors have zig-zagged from introspection to dogmatism in the hope that there might be evolved a theory of verse structure which should be "obvious, simple, and of universal application." Only during the last three or four decades, with the development of an adequate laboratory technique and of precision instruments for the measurement of sound have the introspectionist ardors been supplanted by objective psychophysical facts. Now, as the result of the union between ardor and fact, scholarly John the Baptists herald the proximate birth of a theory adequate to the evidence.

To the layman it would require more than this reasoned belief to justify Mr. Omond's careful historical summaries of theories which are admittedly false; yet if, to a world occupied by Genoa Conferences, it is of importance to be reminded that four hundred years of theorizing have failed to produce workable analyses of English verse, this importance may be three-fold: (1) Since, as Mr. Omond believes, a new theory is about to be born, this present survey of the wilderness through which we are passing attains a dramatic significance. (2) Many English poets have constructed interesting prosodic theories which, they assert, explain the structure of their verses. (3) Finally, metrology should present us with a metaphysic of poetry. The changes of metrical theory which succeed changes in poetic practice have a definite relation to the thought fabric of other times. It is disheartening and amusing to realize that each writer has offered his theory with the definite assertion that this, his own particular contribution is, by the grace of his good ear and wide reading, ultimately correct. That so many writers should work over practically identical material and still should fail to agree in their analyses is astonishing. These facts alone should give pause to the introspectionists.

The analysis of poetry by introspection, the major tradition of metrology, is based upon fallacious premises: (1) Rhythm has objective existence independent of human experience. (2) This existence can be studied by a reasonably intelligent jury. (3) Identical stimuli induce identical rhythmic experiences in readers possessed of various degrees of sensibility. Introspectionists do not generally realize that, whatever may be the universal facts of rhythm, each experience is an individual combination of rhythmic factors. (To confirm these generalizations let the reader compare his independent scansion of any group of lines with the scansions offered by Bridges or Saintsbury.) These fallacies have resulted in a series of lyric celebrations of the type of rhythmic experience which the theorist finds most characteristic of his own motor set.

Mr. Robert Bridges' Milton's Prosody and Mr. Omond's English Metrists of the 18th and 19th Centuries (both improvements of earlier dissertations) offer specific example and historical elaboration of the unrealistic and intransigeant mental processes of the introspectionists. Mr. Bridges, whose introspections are sometimes almost inspirations, has combined the many appendices to his earlier note (1894) into one book which discusses successively the prosody of Paradise Lost, of the later poems, obsolete mannerisms and accentual verse. Mr. Bridges' regret for his limited phonetic training ("my teachers did not know their A B C") and his ability to change his mind make the book a personal contribution whose statement of truth is lyrical rather than objective.

Mr. Omond has redacted, in the present edition of English Metrists, the two separate volumes of 1903 and has brought them up to the year 1920 by the addition of a postscript. Mr. Omond's manner is clear, genial and distinguished. In his criticism of earlier theories he is often wrong, but the integrity of his scholarship has differentiated so carefully between opinion and historical fact that his readers will easily forgive him his mistakes and will acknowledge gladly their great debt to him. The material divides into five general sections. After tracing the beginnings, before the eighteenth century, Mr. Omond examines the "orthodoxy" of the pseudo-classicists and the early romantic rebellion; the third and fourth sections show the attempts to systematize the facts of romantic verse and trace the beginnings of objective criticism: the postscript brings the story down to date. Parallel to these notes is a record of the quantitative controversy.

More important than the facts of the quantative controversy are the early theories of free verse, which from the seventeenth century have established a direct tradition to the present time. Our recent rediscovery of this form makes it regrettable that Mr. Omond's enthusiasm for classical experiment should not have been paralleled by an interest in free verse. Mr. Omond has also overlooked the wealth of prosodic material which is to be found by a careful rereading of all of Dryden's prefaces. Hobbe's few but trenchant comments in his translation of Aristotle's Poetics seem to be worth inclusion, as well as Woodford's essay at a prosodic study of Milton, the first of a long series of attempts to explain the structure of Paradise Lost.

Interest attaches to the new material added in the postscript, because Mr. Omond is here brought face to face with the psycho-physical facts referred to above. Few except professional metrists are aware of the tremendous amount of prosodic speculation undertaken in recent years. The years 1910 and 1911, for example, list fifteen attempts to explain the nature of verse and omit Saintsbury's useful—though irritating—Manual of English Prosody. It is such diffusion of interest which makes possible a detailed history of metrics and—this is more to our purpose—raises

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the hope that an ultimate theory of English verse may be defined within the next decade.

The two bibliographical appendices to this history are in themselves contributions of great value. Here are listed in historical order books and articles dealing with quantitative and with ordinary English verse. But for the exceptions mentioned above, these are reasonably complete. The fields opened since 1903 are so broad that criticism is almost ungracious. Yet is seems pertinent to point out that Ruckmich's important though incomplete bibliography of rhythm in the American Journal of Psychology (1913 to 1918) should have been added, for, since the great significance of the psycho-physical school makes a study of its literature essential to an understanding of contemporary theories, one might expect a larger selection of this kind of work.

In his final paragraph, Mr. Omond returns like a wise man from the east to prophesy the approach of a new and sound prosody. That one who has witnessed so many metrical aberrations can still retain hope is, in itself, encouraging.

R. D. JAMESON.

Soil Preparation and Grass Seed

The Uncollected Prose and Poetry of Walt Whitman. Edited by Emory Holloway. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $7.50.

WHITMAN was thirty-six years old when he declared

> Bearded, sunburnt, grey-neck'd, forbidding, I have arrived
> To be wrestled with as I pass for the solid prizes of the universe.

Up to now, as life stories go, the facts about these thirty-six years have been by no means veiled in obscurity. Everyone knows that whole periods of Whitman's upgrowth have not been fully brought to light, are sometimes only vaguely and tantalizingly hinted at. But on the whole the world has been fairly well informed about his parentage and his family, the extent of his schooling, the variety of his early excursions in self-support, his rather lazy acceptance of life and his talents as a loafer, his liking for the crowd and his homely friendships, and the succession of his newspaper jobs. It is familiarly known that as a young man he was conventional in dress, in point of view, and in literary style; that his Franklin Evans, or The Inebriate was one of the worst novels ever perpetrated; and that his early prose and verse were peculiarly unpromising. However, in spite of all this, the Uncollected Prose and Poetry that belongs to the years before Whitman arrived to be wrestled with, comes with all the surprising freshness of an ante-bellum daguerreotype.

Although it is the veriest commonplace of literary history that young writers incline to adopt the current fashions of their times, the Whitman one is acquainted with is so far from commonplace that no amount of forewarning can quite prepare one for the bathos and the crudity of his earliest verse. It reads like burlesque. It betrays the obsession with death of the Graveyard Poets, and the undistinction in form of James G. Percival. Young Grimes is so bad as to put one on guard against being hoodwinked by a satire.

> Young Grimes ne'er went to see the girls
> Before he was fourteen.
> Nor smoked, nor swore, for that he knew
> Gave Mrs. Grimes much pain.

Yet the closing stanzas reveal the now aged Grimes as reaping the rewards of youthful abstinence:

> Reader, go view the cheerful scene;
> By it how poor must prove
> The pomp, and tinsel, and parade
> That Pleasure's followers love.

Grimes is as funny as Holmes' My Aunt, about whom the autocrat-to-be wrote mockingly in the same decade,

> He sent her to a stylish school;
> 'T was in her fourteenth June;
> And with her, as the rules required,
> "Two towels and a spoon."

Though Grimes never met her, she was his real affinity in verse.

At the age of thirty Bryant decided that June was the ideal month to die in. At twenty, Whitman (who then and later pronounced Bryant to be "one of the greatest poets in the world") concurred, conceding destiny a little more latitude in the calendar, but specifying sunset in a grove at a "season warm and mild." He not only harked back repeatedly to his own demise, but he slew The Inca's Daughter, as Joaquin Miller was to do with The Last Taschastas, despatching her with a poisoned arrow and a split infinitive. He flouted ambition, he doted on children; as late as 1846 he fearfully paraphrased The Star Spangled Banner for a local celebration. By the time when his exact contemporary, Lowell, had shown some real evidence of maturity in The Present Crisis and the first Biglow Papers and A Fable for Critics and Sir Launfal, Whitman was as unpromising in verse as any contributor to a Poets' Corner in a village weekly.

In these same years—the forties—his prose was no better than his verse. The Sun-Down Papers from 1838 to 1841 are Addisonian in scheme, and overflowing in the sentimentalism that the post-Addisonians revelled in. Observations on death and the vanity of human wishes alternated with diatribes against smoking and coffee drinking, attacks on capital punishment, defences of slavery, and rhapsodies on human and natural innocence. One essay begins "The flowers! the sweet and beautiful flowers, are beginning now to bud forth and bloom!" In these effusions people wend their ways, focus their gentle orbs on pale emblems of decay, and say "whilome," "certes" and "ycleped." It is incredible, but it is actually Whitman.

However, as the years advance toward 1850, signs of the slow maturing began to appear. In prosody there was a transition through blank verse to free iambics, until finally by the mid-century there appeared poems like Wounded in the House of Friends and Resurgemus which were reprinted in later editions. Whitman quoted from the latter of these in his remarks before the Brooklyn Art Union in 1851, and so offered a striking parallel between what he then chose to put forth as verse, and what he regarded as prose. Except as they appear to the eye there is little to distinguish two such passages as these:

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> Not a grave of these slaughtered ones,
> But is growing its seed of freedom,
> In its turn to bear seed,
> Which the winds shall carry afar and re-sow,
> And the rain nourish.
> Not a disembodied spirit
> Can the weapons of tyrants let loose,
> But it shall stalk invisibly over the earth,
> Whispering, counseling, cautioning.

> It is the school of all grand actions and grand virtues, of heroism, of the death of captives and martyrs —of all the mighty deeds written in the pages of history —deeds of daring, and enthusiasm, and devotion, and fortitude. Read well the death of Socrates, and of a greater than Socrates. Read how slaves have battled against their oppressors—how the bullets of tyrants have, since the first king ruled, never been able to put down the unquenchable thirst of man for his rights.

Both might be printed either in rhythmic units or in block prose, and both belong to the rostrum.

With the establishment of his poetic style in 1855, with the wide range of his rhythms which never wholly abjured regularity, even of stanzaic form, Whitman's prose became his own also. It was based on cumulative and iterative parallel structure, and could be spread in rhythmic units among the Leaves of Grass without standing unduly out of the context. Thus in 1873 he wrote to the New York Daily Graphic a letter called Halls of Gold and Lilac which has a warp of poetry and a woof of satiric humor.

> Now the honorable member from somewhere launches forth in a speech—the matter good, the manner, the elocution, stiff as cast iron, melodious as chalk. We turn away—we look around again, and up again; we should never tire of looking at this harmonious-colored and perfect-shaped room. We thought the round, the oval, beautiful—but we see the square is just as beautiful. (Bang goes the hammer—Cast-iron sits down.)

More important than these changes in style is the growth of convictions of which they were symptomatic. At twenty-one he was as jejune as any sophomore. "I have altered my mind. Light has flowed in upon me. I am not so green as I was. The mists and clouds have cleared away, and I can now behold things as they really are." The particular profundity that he had just arrived at was that "it is a very dangerous thing to be rich." In the next few years he became aware of several other obvious dangers and carped and cavilled at them in a kind of petty irritability. Signs of change came with his trip down the Ohio and the Mississippi in 1848. Somehow he seemed to partake of the amplitude of the great stretches through which he was traveling, coming to a sense of America as a whole. Humor and a large tolerance replaced peevishness and excitability.

Yet nowhere in prose or verse before 1855 is there any hint of the depth of his coming mysticism, nowhere any evidence of the bardic confidence which was to make him judge "not as the judge judges, but as the sun falling round a helpless thing." Among the secrets revealed by these newly published writings, this is still unfathomed. Professor Holloway in his introductions and his annotations has been both full and precise enough to satisfy the most exacting scholar. At the same time he presents in orderly form what the general reader can enjoy without peril from "the angry little pack of footnotes snarling at the text."

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

The Poems of "An Ancient"

Late Lyrics and Earlier, with Many Other Verses, by Thomas Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IN the annals of English literature the instances are not many of a great poet issuing a new volume of verse after passing the age of four score years. Tennyson and Landor come to mind; but there is little in their latest writings to compare in intellectual quality with Mr. Hardy's new book. Not long ago the present reviewer had occasion to express regret that lovers of Hardy must suppose his work finished. Happily he reckoned without taking into account the astonishing physical vigor and the perfectly retained mental keenness of this grand old man. If in Late Lyrics there are no poems of quite the perfection of some in earlier volumes, the average of excellence and interest is about the same, the technique is identical, and the range is not much narrower.

At the opening one is arrested by a composition to which these former volumes afford no parallel: an "Apology" written in fine terse prose that might make one, but for loyalty, almost regret the quarter of a century which Mr. Hardy has now spent almost exclusively upon verse. His comments upon the persistent charge of "pessimism" will not seem novel to readers acquainted with the enlarged prefaces in the Wessex Edition of Hardy's works; but the point needed insisting upon and is brought up for renewed debate at an appropriate time. The defence, or rather explanation, of some of the harsher and racier poems is acceptable in so far as it is admitted that these pieces were inspired by "a satirical and humorous intention." Such an explanation, however, hardly covers the question of the mere good taste of certain pieces, as for example (in this new collection) the narrative poem entitled The Collector Cleans His Picture, which was, I am sure, written many years ago and which might just as well have remained in manuscript. In addition to these "personal points" Mr. Hardy offers some "more general considerations" on the present state of literature and morality in England. His notation of the depressing symptoms which indicate perhaps the coming of a new Dark Age will make healthy if not comfortable reading to some of the Younger Men who look up to Mr. Hardy as their Master. It may help them to look beyond the superficial cynicism of his work to the essential humanism which lies beneath the irony—and which is better worth imitating. It is indeed one of Life's Little Ironies that at this late stage of his career Mr. Hardy turns, with forlorn hope, towards the Church of England as the only purely English institution of sufficient dignity and strength "to keep the shreds of morality together."

But we must turn to the Lyrics themselves; and at once we note the power displayed once more in narrative verse. Matter for a new Wessex novel or at least for a new short story of the Wessex people is again and again condensed within a few lines. The thoughts of the poet still revolve frequently around the comic or tragic irony of the mischances of the marital relation; he thinks more than others do, though probably not more than evidence warrants, of the penalties attaching to mismating. But the kindliness and charity which sympathetic readers could easily perceive behind the grim frown or grimmer smile in earlier poems are here nearer the surface. I wish there were space here to quote, for example, the verses called The Whitewashed Wall.

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The volume is thronged with ghosts. It is to be expected that an aged poet, like other aged people, would live much in the past; more especially if that poet be Hardy. Memories of past happiness crowd around him in the tragic guise of late realization that at such and such a far-off moment of bliss he did not recognize that he was touching the topmost heights life had to offer. Old houses speak of dead inhabitants; and in one piece he casts his imagination forward to the year 2000 and we hear the inhabitants of Max Gate talking of the queer old people who formerly, it is said, dwelt there. An ancient garden seat, though falling almost to pieces, bends not at all beneath the weight of shades visiting their former haunts. Voices from Things Growing in a Churchyard tell that the life that once thrilled in human bosoms has passed into the laurel and moss and daisy and ivy. This, one of the most striking poems in the collection, seems to me to have that "freshness" which Mr. Hardy notes as characteristic of the "earlier" lyrics here published; it is suggestive, too, of Beddoes, at least one echo of whom occurs in another poem.

If Mr. Hardy's collected poems were classified according to subject-matter, a delightful section would be the tributes to other poets. Two on Keats are published here: one reprinted from the Centenary volume; the other, called At Lulworth Cove a Century Back, an admirable and characteristic meditation upon Keats' landing on the Dorset coast upon his way to Rome in 1820. Here, as everywhere in these poems, there is a clear-cut, striking, definite idea. The technique is often rugged, sometimes faulty; but few of the various poets endowed with a more obviously musical ear have had Hardy's wealth of themes. A harsh and halting presentation of sharply felt emotion, of keenly imagined situation, of sternly confronted opinion, is more tolerable and durable than the emptiness of Swinburnian music. Not that I would imply that Mr. Hardy's technique is always below the level of his themes. Often it is completely successful in its quiet unobtrusive melody, winding through an amazing variety of stanzaic forms and compelling rimes to its service, and often depending upon some faintly remembered cadence of Dorsetshire folk-rhythms.

As the book opens with a warning to the younger generation, so towards its close come words of greeting to Mr. Hardy's own: An Ancient to Ancients. The cobwebs hang where once that generation danced; the music they sang is sung no longer; the paintings they loved no longer please; the bower shrined to Tennyson is roof-wrecked and she who read those rimes is dust.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

A Latin Salutatorian in the White House

James K. Polk: A Political Biography, by Eugene Irving McCormac. Berkeley: The University of California Press. $6.00.

WHEN J. S. Jenkins wrote the life of Polk the year after his hero's death, he prophesied: "The citizen of California when he sees its harbors filled with stately argosies, will offer his tribute, dictated by a grateful heart, to the memory of James K. Polk." This volume is a closer fulfillment than a prophecy ordinarily undergoes. Only the word "grateful" is too warm. The adjective of the title warns us that we are to peruse an impersonal biography. It belongs with Elliott's striking Biographical History of the Constitution rather than with the exquisite artistry of Gamaliel Bradford. It is a world away from Plutarch—"sometimes an expression or a jest informs us better of character and inclination than the greatest armaments or the bloodiest battles whatsoever." There are no jests in this volume, scarcely a gesture; it is all politics. In its seven hundred and twenty-five large closely-printed pages there is no unclear sentence. The style is as perspicuous and smooth as Henry Sidgwick's. There is much material that would be more at home in appendices and an irritating fashion of referring to events with which the reader is presumed to be familiar and yet which are related to him some pages further on. But whether interesting or uninteresting, it is all politics. It is strictly chronological and rather dull until it lands Polk in the White House; thereafter it becomes topical and moves among pregnant events. It is written with rare conscientiousness and side by side with "the fine-meshed dragnet of Justin H. Smith" it fills a large gap in our historical writing.

The subject, if not the hero, of this book is coming into his own. He is no longer to be buried under the stinging satire of Lincoln and the pronouncements of Grant; there is a clear space about his desk; we can see it, if not him. It is orderly—all too orderly. We believe that it is a student and not a miscreant who sits behind it. The tide turned with the publication of his diary twelve years ago. Professors Schuyler and Reeve said kindly words. Professor McLaughlin wrote sentences of tempered but genuine praise. Then Justin Smith persuaded us that the Mexico of '48 was no Galahad among nations but more belligerent than we. He drew the line through "Polk the Mendacious" and substituted "Polk the Mediocre," but added: "He was mediocre only as compared with great standards. His will power was ample and his output of mental energy large. In fidelity he left nothing to be desired." Now comes Professor McCormac and closes an extraordinarily objective study by declaring him to be "neither a conspirator nor a weakling but a constructive statesman—an unusually able executive and a sound patriot." He does not clear him from the guilt with which he has been charged so confidently as does Mr. Smith, but he is less critical of his personality. "Polk may have welcomed the war, possibly may have provoked it"; "Polk may or may not have acted within his rights in assuming the boundary claimed by Texas but at least there was some justification in the contention of the Whigs that he precipitated the war by ordering Taylor to the Rio Grande,"—so run his cautious sentences. But he has no such picture of him as Mr. Smith's—"the leading citizen and schemer of the small town who marches up the centre aisle on public occasions with creaking shoes and a wooden smile and takes his seat with a backward, all-embracing glance." In fact there is no picture at all, save a hard-working man at his desk. But Mr. Smith's picture needs the alteration half suggested by Professor McCormac's reticence. Polk was not a man of the crowd—three times he failed to carry his own state—but a man of the quadrangle. He didn't wear creaking boots but a cap and gown. There was no fleeting backward glance—"self-confidence was one of his chief characteristics"—he was the Latin salutatorian.

As a boy he was studious and delicate. He begged his father to release him from the monotony of clerking. It was the University of North Carolina of which he was first honor man. He loved the place. One of his two trips from Washington during his presidency was to Chapel

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Hill where for three days he sipped the nectar of college orations and showed his wife his old room and his "Dialectical Society." And it is with his library that his last hours are associated. Younger than any of his predecessors on leaving the presidency, he could not wait to get his books about him, and died in attempting to put them too quickly in order.

The White House has not usually been the habitat of Latin salutatorians; it is interesting to observe how true to form Polk conducted the affairs of the nation. While in college, a classmate declared an assertion of his to be "as certain as that Polk would get up at the first call." He never cut a recitation. During fourteen years in the House he was absent but once and then because of illness. During thirteen months at the White House he was away but a single day. The diary of his last presidential day has this entry: "I disposed of all the business on my table down to the minutest detail and at the close of day left a clear table to my successor."

He was as silent as he was industrious—as befits a student who isolated himself in some quiet room from the noise of the campus.

When the outgoing President asked his preference concerning the form of the annexation of Texas he was silent. When his college-mate applied for the naval portfolio, though he meant to appoint him, he remained silent. When a messenger reached him from Santa Anna in exile, though he intended taking his advice, he remained silent. He preserved the same silence regarding the partition of Oregon and the purchase of Cuba. A characteristic entry in the diary is, "Talked civilly but made no promises."

He was simple, too, as is the wont of scholars. It is charming to read of his pleasure in his conventional reception at the college and in his being "conducted to a hotel which was brilliantly lighted up."

He was firm and independent as a first honor man must be, "sole as a scholar's lamp." His use of the veto was impolitic and uncompromising and threatened to be the occasion of a constitutional amendment, abolishing the privilege. To his insistence on being the centre of his own administration, George Bancroft, a member of his cabinet, attributed his astounding success. He always had a section of his party in opposition. At times he worked without his cabinet, at times contrary to the opinion of its majority, usually forced to bring to heel Buchanan, his unstable Secretary of State. His proud words might as well have been Cleveland's: "With no other object than the public good . . . I have pursued the convictions of my own best judgment." The far-sighted determination he manifested at college stood him in good stead as President. Professor McCormac succeeds in quietly impressing upon us his audacious declaration to Bancroft shortly after his inauguration that the four great measures of his administration would be the reduction of the tariff, the establishment of an independent treasury, the settlement of the Oregon question and the acquisition of California. The entire fulfillment of this program, in the teeth of fierce opposition within his party as well as without and at the cost of a war, overshadows the record of Mr. Wilson's first administration at which we all marvelled. "Who knows or cares anything about the personality of James K. Polk?" queries Ambassador Bryce in the American Commonwealth. That query is outlawed by this book.

That he was conscious of his ability and that he loved position and prominence was to be expected of a triumphant salutatorian. The first honor man at college usually pursues two aims at once—the acquisition of knowledge and the leadership of his class. Polk was a life-long office-seeker and holder. It was as dear to him to be governor of his state, to be the most erudite member of the House, to be its Speaker under two Presidents, as it doubtless was at an earlier date to capture the first honors of the class.

Professor McCormac neglects to mention that when they buried the body of Polk, they placed at his feet a copy of the Constitution. I think Plutarch would have mentioned this strikingly fitting circumstance. For there is about Polk's administration a loyalty to the obvious line that is the outstanding feature of men who follow a prescribed curriculum with sufficient concentration to lead their classes. He was naturally, therefore, a strict constructionist, but of Jeffersonian and Jacksonian precedent as well as of the Constitution. He would have none of federal improvement of state highways. He would allow no national improvement of rivers and harbors except those used for foreign commerce, since his Democratic predecessors had made that concession to federalism. He believed that Southerners should be allowed to take slaves with them everywhere but, since it was not an "original question," he was willing to accept and to extend the Missouri Compromise. He believed Great Britain to have no rights in the Oregon territory, but because Monroe had proposed a compromise on the forty-fifth parallel, he was willing to renew the suggestion. Nothing, then, irritated him so much as the refusal of Northern and Southern extremists to believe that slavery had become a matter of fixed precedent and therefore unsuitable for moral emotion. "What connection slavery had with making peace with Mexico it is difficult to conceive" is a remark in his diary, not in a stump speech.

And he was as strict a party man as he was a constructionist; it was part of the obvious line. "A pure, whole-hogged, Democrat" he was dubbed by an enthusiastic champion. He regretted and suspected his Whig generals. Party regularity is everywhere in evidence and partisan bigotry as well. But his loyalty was supreme only to his country—his visible country. He was a rabid nationalist. Early in his career he thundered against being represented in Bolivar's Panama congress as though it were a league of nations. He had some initial scruples against insuring New Granada sovereignty over the isthmus in return for a perpetual guarantee of passage, because it was in the nature of an entangling alliance. He had as gruesome a dread of the encircling policy of Great Britain as had the Kaiser. He feared her in Mexico on the south, in Oregon and California on the west, in Yucatan also and in Hawaii and in Cuba, nearer by. "The only way to meet John Bull is to look him right in the eye" is the keynote of his foreign policy. By stripping the Monroe Doctrine of all political dogma he developed it into that unblushing nationalism which Whitelaw Reid, as Professor McCormac reminds us, insists upon calling the Polk doctrine and which is our boast today. Above all, by following in the footsteps of Jefferson, the Democrat and expansionist, he extended the boundaries of his country south and west and included Texas and New Mexico, California and Oregon, while the astute Webster declared California and Oregon not to be worth a dollar and Lincoln foresaw a debt from the Mexican war which all the resources of the old Mexico were not able to extinguish. These visible objectives he achieved with startling completeness in the short term to which from the outset he

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had publicly limited himself. He had hoped to achieve them by purchase and diplomacy. Because, however, of reparations due us from Mexico, repeatedly recognized by her but inadequately met, Professor McCormac convinces us that "the President was ready to wage war to prepare a territorial compensation" when the capture of Thornton's dragoons by the Mexicans on the debated land east of the Rio Grande did for him what the invasion of Belgium did for England so recently.

As we might expect from a hard-working salutatorian, he was loyal to precedents and persistent in attaining the highest ends to which they opened his way. But to the deeper, immeasurable and imponderable values he was a stranger. On the whole, this painstaking, scholarly volume discloses a man who confirms Professor McLaughlin's judgment: "He moved straight ahead with unusual directness, guided by the light of a limited experience. By nature he was too simple, too lacking in wide sympathy, too narrow in his emotions, too straightly hemmed in by education." He walked by faith but not in things unseen. There are advantages and disadvantages in having a Latin salutatorian for President.

A. W. VERNON.

Madame Roland

Manon Phlipon Roland. Early Years, by Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

I DO not know a better subject for historical biography than Madame Roland. She exhibited, quite in perfection, that type of mind which the eighteenth century produced in such profusion—the complacent doctrinairism born of a superficial rationalism and an idealized conception of classical republicanism found in Plutarch. She is thus sufficiently representative. If you know what Madame Roland thought, or better what phrases she would have used apropos of Liberty, Tyranny, Roman Virtue, Nature, l'Être suprême, or a dozen other unrealities, you pretty well know what such otherwise different persons as Saint-Just, Robespierre, Brissot, Bancal des Issarts, Cloots, Tom Paine, Sam Adams, R. H. Lee, or Patrick Henry would have used. These people had greatly simplified thinking by employing certain ready-made categories which enabled them to dispense with distinctions; and practice had made them so expert in the manipulation of the categories that they rarely made a mistake.

Of course it is not her representative character that makes Madame Roland a better subject than others, since if she is representative many others must be so too. But Madame Roland did what no other revolutionary contemporary did; she took quite extraordinary pains to tell posterity all that she knew or suspected or imagined about the working of her mind. Besides her Mémoires written in prison, in which she sketched with a masterly hand her own portrait, she left letters, very revealing letters, interminable letters, letters in great profusion, four folio volumes of letters, which give us a week by week, almost a day by day account of what she thought and did and hoped to do from the age of sixteen years. And, fortunately, she was more concerned with what she thought than with what she did. She always found herself the most interesting person she knew, and from her earliest childhood she labored to create an interior life which the world would never willingly let die. It is rare indeed that the historian finds a mind so well documented as that of Madame Roland. Her letters and Mémoires furnish an unrivalled opportunity for studying a mind in the making.

Although there are several biographies of Madame Roland, all in English and all by women, such a study does not exist. The volume now published is the first part of what Mrs. Blashfield designed as a complete life in two volumes. It was well to have a fuller treatment of the early years, because the letters of Manon as a young girl have only recently been published and because this is the period of her life which has been least carefully studied. Mrs. Blashfield writes with ease and charm; she has evidently given a great deal of careful research to the subject; and the result is an admirable if conventional narrative of the career of Madame Roland prior to the Revolution. Nevertheless, considering the opportunity, the work is on the whole disappointing; it gives us nothing essentially new about Madame Roland, either in the way of information or in the way of interpretation.

One difficulty is that Mrs. Blashfield is too much the admiring apologist of her subject. Without consciously twisting or garbling the evidence, she contrives to make it serve to present Madame Roland in the best light. It is perhaps for this reason that she relies far more on the Mémoires than on the letters, in spite of the fact that it is the letters that furnish material for a new interpretation. The Mémoires are generally reliable in statement of facts—far more so than most revolutionary memoirs—but there is necessarily a striking difference between the state of mind of Madame Roland sitting in Sainte-Pélagie awaiting her trial and for consolation recreating her youthful days, and the state of mind of Manon Phlipon, age eighteen, dreaming of the Spartan virtues she might exhibit if the times were propitious. One of the most important facts revealed in the letters is that prior to 1788 Manon Phlipon was altogether indifferent to politics. Reading Plutarch made her weep to think that she had not been born a Spartan or a Roman, or at least a man, but it did not prevent her from thinking that in 1774 the French people, with an excellent young king, enlightened ministers, an agreeable queen, and a decent court, ought to be perfectly happy. In 1784 she was still so little a republican that she spent weeks running about from anti-chamber to anti-chamber, cheerfully enduring humiliations from the servants of the servants of royalty, in order to obtain a title of nobility for her husband. For some curious reason biographers are often obsessed with the idea that great personalities gain something by being exhibited as nobly consistent; and Mrs. Blashfield leaves the reader with the impression that Madame Roland's enthusiasm for the Revolution and for the Republic was but the culmination of her early ideas. The truth is that she quite suddenly, at the age of thirty-four, became for the first time interested in politics; and the explanation of this sudden shift in interest and enthusiasm calls for a more penetrating analysis of the mind of the Madame Roland than Mrs. Blashfield has attempted. Such an analysis I think would reveal a mind strong indeed, but narrow and unimaginative, a temperament essentially cold and self-centred, yet driven by an energy which gave it the appearance of warmth and generosity—in a word an uncompromising egoist at bottom condemned to work its will deviously through the formulae of a philosophy of life and politics that was altruistic and expansive in its implications. The process was complicated, even if the result was simple and clear-cut.

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Nothing better reveals both the egoism and the attempt to overlay it with ideal motives than the passages which profess to be frank "confessions," after the manner of Rousseau, of incidents or emotions which a really sensitive or generous nature would instinctively have concealed. I do not recall a single "revelation," however hardi, of which the obvious purpose was not after all to place in a high light the lady's shining virtues. The painful incident of the apprentice, certainly painful to read, admittedly painful to write, yet gone through with to the last detail of youthful impudicity—what was the purpose and what the effect of this extraordinary revelation? The purpose was evidently to be as frank in self-revelation as Rousseau; but the effect, quite unlike the effect of Rousseau's revelations in similar cases, was to reveal nothing except that as a young girl Manon Phlipon through no fault of her own, had a painful experience and that she found it painful. By revealing the sensuality of an unknown apprentice she proves the purity of her maidenly meditations. Compare this with Rousseau's confession of the theft of the ribbon. Again, during the Revolution Madame Roland fell in love with Buzot. Does she give herself to Buzot? Not at all. She is too virtuous for that. Her virtue and her ingenuousness were such that she made no effort to conceal her love from Roland (perhaps even deliberately avowed it, the passage is not explicit), but assured him that he need fear nothing since she was too virtuous ever to be unfaithful to her husband. This made Roland supremely unhappy. It did not do Buzot any good. What good did it do? It did Madame Roland good, since it added to the consciousness of a virtuous act, the knowledge that her husband, if he were a just man, must ever after accord full appreciation to the Spartan virtue of his admirable wife. It was impossible for her, she says with that complacence which, pushed to this extent amounts to stupidity, to make "an incomplete sacrifice." This one was indeed complete—it included all three of them. "Nothing is more annoying," says Voltaire, "than to be obscurely hanged." Madame Roland rather revelled in martyrdom, but she insisted a little too much on having the performance well attended. On all occasions to practice all the virtues is all very well, but one feels that a reasonable privacy ought to be observed in such matters.

CARL BECKER.

Memoirs of the Crown Prince

Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

THIS is a remarkable book in at least three respects: its literary cleverness, its revelation of a new Crown Prince chastened by adversity, and its vivid pictures of men and events.

> *March, 1919.* It is evening. I have been wandering once more along the deserted and silent ways between the wind-swept and sodden meadows, through grayness and shadow. Not a sound disturbs the silence, save this ceaseless blowing of the wind across the lonesome and slumbering island. Four months! In this seemingly endless time—which I have spent in one unbroken waiting-for-something, listening-for-something—the thought has recurred again and again to me: "Perhaps, if you were to write it out of your heart?"

With these words, the Crown Prince begins his memoirs. He continued to work at intervals, nearly three long years, until he completed them in December, 1921. They cover the whole period from the distant days of his happy childhood at Potsdam to the bitter loneliness of Wieringen. Every now and then the narrative suddenly breaks off into meditations of the moment—his loneliness, his solicitude for his gloomy father, his dying mother, his distant wife and children, and his comrades and soldiers, so many of whom lie beneath the sod. One seems to see the lonely exile sitting by the flickering paraffine lamp, to feel the dank wind-driven fog, and to hear the endless waves breaking on Wieringen. It is very cleverly done. It is bound to create sympathy for him, in Germany at any rate. In fact, it is so cleverly done that for a moment one wonders whether the Crown Prince really did it himself—whether it is not an impudent imposture, like the writings of that precious rogue Karl Armgaard Graves; but internal evidence seems to leave no doubt that these are bona fide memoirs. The name of the translator is not revealed, but, whoever he is, he has done the Crown Prince good service in the skill and sprightliness of his English rendering.

An interesting problem of personality and psychology is raised by the Crown Prince's present attitude toward prewar personalities and events. For his mother he has nothing but reverent love and praise: "All that was best in our childhood we owe to her." But of his father, he says, "In reviewing our early childhood I can discover scarcely a scene in which he joined our childish games with unconstrained mirth or happy abandon. It may have been that we felt him so often to be absent from us in his thoughts when present with us in the body that rendered him almost impersonal, absent-minded, and often alien to our young hearts." Even in later years he complains that he was never able to get close to his father, for the Kaiser was always surrounded by officials. This is his son's great criticism of the Emperor: he did not sufficiently come in contact with people who could and would tell him the real truth about things. Hence the Kaiser's mistaken optimism and continual misunderstanding of one situation after another. It will be interesting to see what the father has to say of the son in the imperial memoirs which are announced for early publication. The Crown Prince does, however, give his father credit for developing the army and creating the navy and merchant marine, and for much well-meant social legislation. He, of course, denies, and correctly we believe, that the Kaiser plotted or willed the war. With the exception of some passages on Bethmann-Holweg, whom the Crown Prince always disliked, and on Gröner, who advised the Kaiser to abdicate after the great German defeat, the Crown Prince shows no rancor either toward old opponents at home or enemies abroad. In fact, he more than once recurs to his admiration for the English and their democrati political system. He remembers with gratitude instructive conversations with Edward VII who seemed to recognize "that the ideas which had governed the first two decades of my father's reign had been leading farther and farther from the lines along which the monarchy of Germany ought to develop, if that monarchy were to remain the firmly established and organic consummation of the state's structure; it was as though he clearly and consciously meant to call my attention to this danger point, in order to warn me and to win me to better ways even at the threshold of my political career." There are many similar passages in which he assumes a wise, philosophic attitude which one would hardly have looked for

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in the pre-war Crown Prince much better stuff than the wo a genuine metamorphosis? Or ical sentiments by which he ho era? Is it another case of an in at St. Helena, creating a legend some member of it may later ride We are inclined to the first and has made a man out of better mat was there. He would not be the first Hohenzollern prince who has astonished the world by displaying a latent ability after a time of trial; there was the youthful Frederick William, dallying in Holland, until, tried in the fire of the Thirty Years' War, he became the "Great Elector" and created the Prussian state. There was also the milk-sop prince who tried to desert to England, but who, after being court-martialed and imprisoned, astonished the world with literary and military vigor as Frederick the Great. Though much of the wisdom of the Crown Prince may be of the kind which comes after events, and though he has incorporated into his book much that has been written by others—for he has evidently beguiled his lonely evenings by much reading—nevertheless, he has made the material his own. He has done what he set out to do: "I will depict all events honestly and impartially, just as I see them. I will not conceal my own errors nor inveigh against the mistakes of others."

Was he really made of rld has suspected? Is this are these merely hypocrit- pes to gain favor in a new iperial exile, like Napoleon about his family by which into political power again? kinder view. Adversity erial than one suspected

As to the origins and responsibility for the war, the Memoirs have little of importance, except to corroborate what we already know—that the Crown Prince had nothing directly to do with it; during the critical days of July, 1914, he was ignorant of events, being far away from Berlin with his regiment near Dantzig. But of events during the war, there are many vivid glimpses of important and little known scenes—the meeting with Count Czernin to discuss peace proposals, the Crown Prince's own efforts for a timely peace, the demonstrations of loyalty on the part of his troops, and, most notable of all, the last act at Spa where Hindenburg and Gröner forced abdication upon the Kaiser (pp. 280-327).

SIDNEY B. FAY.

Toward a Common Culture

The Outline of Science, Volumes I and II, edited by J. Arthur Thomson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75 per volume.

TEN years ago a common intellectual culture in which all educated persons might share appeared to be among the values that had been sacrificed to the spirit of efficiency. The representatives of general scholarship were growing old, and in their place was springing up a generation of specialists, men to whom the attempt to master a department of thought in its entirety argued a diffused and popularizing cast of mind. The interested layman could only view as through a telescope the industrious line of specialists at the horizon's edge, turning up the yellow earth and occasionally waving their arms joyfully over a find meaning much to themselves and little or nothing even to cognate excavators. And it looked as if the process of education was destined to take the shape of training young men to be narrower specialists than their teachers, to inculcate in the succeeding generations a taste for the yet more intensive cultivation of infinitesimal areas.

The layman never liked that state of affairs. He has his intellectual claims, and will not be bought off with seven veritable coins of Croesus. If the doctors will not consider his needs, he will turn to the quacks. Fortunately the doctors have come to a realization of this condition before the q acks have got too long a lead. Mr. H. G. Wells, a se -made doctor, to be sure, but a good one, brought real nedicine to a public whose symptoms refused to clear up i nder treatises on "The History of the Papal Revenues fo the Year 1383 in the County of Surrey." Van Loon and Robinson loaned their well trained minds to the layman's service. At present the prospect is excellent that history will be recaptured for general culture. Peace to the specialists! May they go on with their labors, winning certainty now on this point, now on that, but let us have a common treasury for the deposit of the good things they discover.

And now we have a magnificent set of volumes which set out to do for science what Wells did for history—and to do it better. One has only to glance over the two volumes of the Outline of Science to recognize that Professor Thomson is a prince among editors. Almost everything in science the layman is eager to know more about is here, or is promised for the next two volumes. Do you care to know how astronomy stands today, what is now known about the solar system, about the appearance and evolution of life on the earth? About the present state of physics and physiology? About Darwinism? About natural history, after the researches of the last twenty-five years? It is all here, in a text so attractive that you can read it on a surburban train—and pass your station. It is partly that you are lured on by the illustrations, of which each volume has some two hundred, remarkable both for their beauty and their fitness to the purposes of the work. But it is chiefly because the writers succeed in maintaining the traditions of Huxley in clarity and directness of exposition, if not in distinction of style.

There are lapses, of course, from the general high standard of excellence. One feels that the editor should either have done better with the section on the newer psychology or have omitted it altogether. The discussion of Mendelianism in its relation to the mutation theory is not well focussed. The section on Birds in the Natural History is too narrowly aimed at the British reader. At some points grave scientific disagreements are too easily glided over. A little space devoted to presenting both sides of a moot question, where the writers of the book are unwilling to commit themselves, would have added zest to the reading. But the editor has given so much that it is unreasonable to lay emphasis on minor defects like these. He has given us a work that is scientifically sound and interesting as well. That is enough.

Is a work of this kind profitable to the general reader, as well as interesting? It is not a book that is intended to make a scientist out of the reader, although it is hard to see how any intelligent young person could read it and not be drawn mightily toward the laboratory. For the older reader the profit is of the same character as that to be derived from a piece of good literature. It works beneficially upon one's moods. You are led to contemplate the evolution of solar systems and the universe; your imagination dwells upon the audacious undertaking of a bit of unstable matter to people the world with millions of delicately organized animate forms. How can you retain the sense of the overwhelming importance of the creatures of the day, even of big little creatures like the statesmen who parade as if the mountains would shake at

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their nod? There is a distinct katharsis in this kind of writing. You emerge from it with a feeling of serenity, your confidence in the universe strengthened and purified. If only the prophets of old had known the facts of evolution, what values they would have drawn from the patient upward striving of life, toward the best form that the environments, coexistent or successive, would maintain. One is astonished at the lack of enterprise in an enlightened clergy that leaves evolution to the scientists, who are forced to confess, after many years, that the lines of evolution are surprisingly direct, that there appear to be remarkably few false leads in the history of life. Fortuitous variation is losing ground, and a place is being made in the evolution of life forms for the "harmonious dance of the atoms." Verbum sapientibus.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

A New Classic

Maria Chapdelaine, by Louis Hémon. Translated by W. H. Blake. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

NORTH of Quebec, where Lake Saint John receives the waters of the Peribonka and sends them forth again by the Saguenay, Père Chapdelaine had built his cabin, and lived there with his wife, his daughter Maria, his son Tit'Bé, and two younger children. His older sons worked in logging camps in the winter and returned in the summer to help their father and Tit'Bé clear the rough land for their new farm. It was twenty miles from Peribonka, whither Maria sometimes drove with her father to hear mass, on the very frontier of settled land; one neighbor only tilled his farm near by and beyond them was the great forest. Into that lonely place Chapdelaine and his wife had brought the spirit of the pioneer, conquering the land by indomitable toil, rearing their young to possess it. And there to Maria came love and sorrow, the joy of summer and the horror of winter, the temptation to flee from hardship and loneliness, and the resolve to stay, to endure, to fulfill the destiny of her race. It is a story of life at its roots,

> That life, whose dumb wish is not miss'd
> If birth proceeds, if things subsist;
> The life of plants and stones and rain,—

It is full of the pathos of trivial things, of simple speech and deeds, of prayer and faith and the humble submission of the human spirit in the face of its mysterious fate.

In the far north humanity is in a real sense at one with nature. It is as if it had not been completely separated from its mother, but remained within her womb, breathing with her heart beats, stirring blindly and joyously with the passion of her spring, and sinking to quiescence in the sleep of her winter. Louis Hémon has made his story pulse with the passing of the seasons. On opening the door one morning Maria hears

> a sound that makes her stand motionless and listening. The distant and continuous thunder was the voice of wild waters silenced all winter by the frost. . . . A dozen times in the course of the day Maria and her mother opened the window to feel the softness of the air, listen to the tinkle of water running from the last drifts on the higher slopes, or hearken to the mighty roar telling that the exulting Peribonka was free, and hurrying to the lake a freight of ice-floes from the remote north.

There is the poetry of toil as Père Chapdelaine and his sons fell the trees, tear out the stumps, and cut away the underbrush. There is the promise of seedtime; then the betrayal of heat and drouth. Autumn draws on. And then comes the winter which robs Maria of her lover.

> No need for her to see the spot; too well she knew the winter terrors of the great forest, the snow heaped to the firs' lower branches, alders almost buried beneath it, birches and aspens naked as skeletons and shuddering in the icy wind, a sunless sky above the massed and gloomy spires of green. She saw François making his way through the close-set trees, limbs stiffened with the cold, his skin raw with that pitiless nor'wester, gnawed by hunger, stumbling with fatigue, his feet so weary that with no longer strength to lift them his snowshoes often catch the snow and throw him to his knees. . . . Perhaps he fell for the last time when succour was near, a few yards only from house or shanty. Often it so happens. Cold and his ministers of death flung themselves upon him as their prey; they have stilled the strong limbs forever, covered his open handsome face with snow, closed the fearless eyes without gentleness or pity, changed his living body into a thing of ice.

These are the simple themes—they recall the very primitive experience of the human race. And there are others. Chapdelaine is the pioneer. Many times when he had cleared his farm, and people came and settled about them, he suddenly lost heart and grew tired of his work, and hated the faces of his neighbors, and heard people saying that farther off there was good land in the forest, and began to hunger and thirst for it. His wife, her heart full of love for the place which they had made, because it was beginning to look like the old parish where she had grown up, full of longing for rest and security for her children and sick at the thought of the toil and danger that were to begin again—Madame Chapdelaine becomes a heroic figure of constancy and faith. And Maria takes up the burden of life on the spot where her mother lays it down. The French of Canada from the days of Frontenac and the coureurs de bois have furnished much of the material of North American romance. To aliens like Mary Hartwell Catherwood and Sir Gilbert Parker they have given it. It remained for one of their own lineage to express the classic motive of their race.

> Strangers have surrounded us whom it is our pleasure to call foreigners; they have taken in their hands most of the rule; they have gathered to themselves much of the wealth; but in this land of Quebec nothing has changed. Nor shall anything change, for we are the pledge of it. Concerning ourselves and our destiny but one duty have we clearly understood; that we should hold fast—should endure. And we have held fast, so that, it may be, many centuries hence the world will look upon us and say:—'These people are of a race that knows not how to perish.' . . . We are a testimony.

It is characteristic of the authority which naturalistic technique has acquired in modern fiction that the subtraction from the praise of Maria Chapdelaine has been chiefly on grounds of realism. It has been pointed out that no family could live in such narrow quarters without domestic clashing, of which we hear no echo; that the close barricade

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of the cabin in winter to keep out the cold must have kept in smells, of which we breathe no suggestion; and it is objected that only incidentally does the author remind himself and us of the lack of water and other conveniences. Such criticism misses the point that these matters are far away from the theme of the book and do not affect the attitude of the characters. When Maria debates with herself the question whether she shall stay in Peribonka or flee to the cities of the South, the hardships of her lot occur to her, but not in the precise terms in which they would appeal to her critics. Undoubtedly, the author could have given a stronger impression of immediate reality to his story by the use of corroborative detail but it would have been at the expense of his perspective; he might have made more ample studies in local color but only at the expense of his couleur du fond.

Classic in form and style is the narrative in which Louis Hémon has clothed his theme, classic in sureness of outline, in compression and restraint, in harmony of color and rhythm, in the incomparable rightness of thought and word. It is a quality of which only the genius of France seems capable in the modern world. Prévost, Merimée, Halévy in L'Abbé Constantin, and Pierre Loti in Le Pêcheur d'Islande are names which come to mind, and among which Louis Hémon's may,without false praise, be placed. And the translation by Mr. W. H. Blake is worthy of the book. His English reproduces without faltering not only the exact meaning, but also every delicate shade and tint, every exquisite rhythm of its utterance. Where the literal equivalent would convey something of harshness or crudeness to an English ear, Mr. Blake has sought with the same happy skill as his original for le mot juste. Maria Chapdelaine has come into English a perfect thing, to live as long as the enduring race of which it tells. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Hidden Force

The Hidden Force, by Louis Couperus. New York: Dodd Mead and Company. $2.00.

IT is nearly twenty years since I first read the Javanese novel of Couperus, recently translated by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos. I shivered then and I shiver now, rereading the book in its English medium. It is a picture of the East beside which Conrad's Rescue becomes material for opera. For Conrad, who knows his sailors to the bone, is of the Orient no more than a supremely imaginative spectator, while Couperus, who shows us a Java that we realize but entirely fail to understand, breathed Malaysia in his childhood. And he interprets it as forever inexplicable to the Western mind.

In view of the present state of India, his theme has a timely as well as a universal significance. The "hidden force" is the power of the East to destroy the Western invader, not by warfare, open or secret, between race and race, but by its mere presence as an environment in which the Western soul cannot live.

Conrad saw the theme. It is with this insidious antagonist that Tuan Jim battles and wins—not wins, but buys moral victory at the cost of life. But in Conrad the "hidden force" takes conventional shape as conspiracies, rebellions, battles; in Couperus, it is always the serpent beneath the leaves, a threat that breeds terror of the days and nights, an indefinable nothing that decays the nerves and rots the soul. Struggle there is none. The question is merely whether the victim will escape at last, broken in mind and body, to his home environment, or whether he will be absorbed and destroyed by the East, whether health will crumble or soul be smothered. In one way or another the East "gets" its conquerors. That is the thesis of the book.

Atmosphere, then, is the villain of the piece—the atmosphere that is breathed in the opening chapter, as Otto Van Oudijck walks alone in the tropical night, oppressed by the vague shadows that overhang the path of his honest ambition and by a dim forecasting of tragedy to come. Yet the victim is no neurotic. He is a single-minded, hard-working, level-headed, prosy Dutchman, trained in the colonial school at Delft, and gifted with an executive talent that has made him successful with the natives and pushed him well on the way to the viceroy's palace. That, dimly realized, is the goal of his ambition; domestic peace, his ideal of happiness. Decent, laborious, intelligent, benevolent, as he is, he misses both, and simply because he is a part of that extraneous element which the East cannot endure. Chapter by chapter is revealed the latent hostility of Java to him and all his kind. His native wife and half-caste children are as alien to him as the volcanoes and monsoons of Java to the canals and windmills of Holland. His European wife, Java-bred, rotted to the core by Oriental idleness and luxury, is as destructive as the withering sunlight, and spreads corruption like the moulding, rusting rains. And the integrity of his life thus open to attack, the Javanese are upon him like the pestilential ants that devour all European fabric in the East. Neither as soldier nor as official has he a weapon with which to fight them. They deal with superstitions in which he does not believe. They work upon him with magic to which he has no counter-spell. He resists, he investigates, he blusters, he endures; in the end, he is a mere badgered animal. What are the "little souls" that wail in the trees round his house by night? He does not know, nor do we; but they chill the blood. What is the "red magic" that flecks the body of his wife at her bath? The image of her as she runs, screaming and naked, from the red spittle of it is a thing not easily forgotten.

The slow undermining of the West by the East—they all felt it, the hysterical women and overwrought men of the colony at Labuwangi. The atmosphere of the place was like a deadly exhalation to which they all, sooner or later, must succumb. And in the degree to which we are made to share this sense of the struggle of life against the intangible hostility of environment lies the power of the book.

In detail, there is, of course, good stuff and bad stuff. The Javanese words peppered over the pages, the footnotes, may give atmosphere, or they may irritate by interrupting the suggestive effect of the whole. The hypnotic rhythm of the original is beyond the power of any translator to capture in full; for though Dutch is in some ways akin to English in its movement, Couperus, it is admitted, has made a new instrument of his Dutch. There are banalities, patches of rococo, patches of rhetoric; but these are mere bubbles on the surface of the dark stream of continuous suggestion which *is* the book.

Of the characters, Van Oudijck, the secretary Eldersma, and his piteous little housewife Eva are realized to the core. Léonie, the worst type of European Orientalized, is used chiefly as the instrument of her husband's downfall, the Malays are sketched lightly, as the nature of the book demands, but always with that touch of

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intimate observation which gives the sense of reality.

Of the truth of the presentation I cannot make the ultimate test, that of direct knowledge; but this much I can say: In a long-continued correspondence with a physician in India whose knowledge of the natives is intimate, I came to feel the ever-present menace of this "hidden force" of the East so strongly that it helps me to believe in the art of Couperus.

Moreover, I can apply to his other books the test of immediate experience, and in so doing I realize that for a fair judgment of his work, many elements must be taken into account. Much criticism of his Small Souls, for example, is based upon a fundamental misconception of the people about whom he writes. Those of us who have found Couperus morbid, neurotic, in the Dutch novels, will find him so in The Hidden Force. But what are the facts about Holland? The Dutch peasant, so humorously picturesque to the traveler, is fundamentally Puritan. Gray skies and dripping, as the painters show us, the interminable struggle with the sea, six days of toil and a rigid Sabbath have suppressed in him to a morbid degree natural emotions and activities. He breaks out in grim, even grotesque, tragedy, and in occasional humor grossly of the earth. Witness that terrible tragedy of the soil by Herman Heijermans, Ora et Labora, and his disgusting little farce, The Screen, with its jokes about the physiological processes of babies. This is the basic temperament. Superimpose upon it the cosmopolitanism of The Hague, what happens? What comes, for example, of the ability at a dinner to speak four or five languages, with no visible effort or sense of change? Mental agility, flexibility, versatility, instability, hyper-sensitiveness to impressions, over-stimulation of social and aesthetic qualities—all these mark a stratum of society alien to the peasant stock that to most of us stands for the Netherlands. Add to this the fact that Couperus is writing of the colonial circle, of which he makes special study in The Hidden Force, and we have exactly the Van Lowes and Van der Welckes whom he portrays.

Again, it must be remembered that he writes from the vantage point of being only a part of his material. He is Dutch, but also, it is said, of Scotch ancestry (the name originally Cowper). His Javanese childhood is balanced by an extraordinary affinity with the Italian Renaissance, which has perhaps motivated his many reconstructions of the ancient world, and which explains the extraordinary blend of Homer and late Greek, of Dante, Ariosto, and Spenser, in his Psyche and Fidessa. And, finally, there remains to be accounted for the Couperus of Wereldvrede, with its sociological conception of a world peace years in advance of Hague conferences. All in all, I am disposed to insist that Couperus is sufficiently un-Dutch to see truly the phases of Dutch life that he portrays, and that they are as characteristic as, in another field, are the dim churches of Bosboom, the gray landscapes of Mauve, the fisherfolk of Israels.

I do not believe that The Hidden Force is his greatest novel. I believe—he is still under sixty—that is yet to be written. Meanwhile, I hope that a translator as skilful as the late Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, if one can be found, will translate for us his novel Metamorphosis, which is certainly in some measure interpretative of his career and ideals as artist, and his autobiographical sketch which I have not read (Of Myself and Others), which should help us to understand better the books he has done.

EDITH RICKERT.

Vocations

Vocations: A Novel, by Gerald O'Donovan. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

THE only trouble with Vocations is that you cannot discuss it without discussing something else. An Irish novel touching upon suppressed and unsuppressed sex among a few priests and nuns obviously requires the devotee of art for art's sake to expatiate on the Roman Catholic religion, the theory and practice of celibacy, and the past, present, and future conditions of the Irish Free State. Any honest lover of his own ideas will develop them in so many ramifications that he will have no opportunity to speak of the novel itself, save by fervent ejaculation of praise or damnation. Let us be philistine enough to look at the novel merely as a specimen of the art of fiction.

Mr. O'Donovan can write. He chooses a definite situation, states it admirably, presents his characters with extraordinary vividness, and follows his compact plot to a logical conclusion. His description is swift and good, his dialogue natural and idiomatic, his narration lively, his choice of salient incident convincing. The reader laying down the volume knows that he has read a book.

An Irish household, well to do beyond its social station, has four members, the parents and two daughters, more or less pulling in four directions but united in devotion to the church. A fashionable school has put finishing touches on the girls, who now outclass their former associates as much as they are outclassed (being publican's daughters) by the grade above. Full of life and disdainful of the low marriages possible to them, their will inclines them to fling themselves heart and soul into the church, a harbor of high zeal and ceaseless opportunity, whereto they are skilfully piloted by ecclesiastics who do not resent the church's ultimate acquisition of a fine little fortune. The donning of the veil brings diverse awakening, to Kitty dire disillusionment, to Winnie a revelation of sensual delight apprehended as spiritual bliss. To get out of it altogether, to yield to it wholly, are the respective aims, in time accomplished, of the two sisters. This is the story, played against a background of the convent, a multicolored tapestry, woof of nuns and warp of priests, sombre and brilliant, wise and foolish, devout and frivolous, spiritual and gross,—a little world much like the great. Balance the figures who pass into view, and the good outweigh the evil. But the author's sin, such as it is, lies in his vividness, whereby the evil becomes in the eyes of the devout reader a sheer scandal, while the good, expected and discounted, seems to him commonplace. Commonplace it is not: forget for a moment the scandal, and strength and fineness are there.

Special figures stand out, even where all are special and where there is not a single dull bit of portraiture. The father, hard-headed and soft-hearted; the mother (reverse the respective adjectives); Kitty, vivacious and purposeful; Winnie, rapt in her pitiable ecstasies; Father Burke, sleekly lustful; Father Bernardine, orator and no more; old Father Brady, sagacious and merciful; the Bishop, masterfully competent in all affairs save only the spiritual: here is a gallery of real people, decide as you will whether representative or not.

The book is not a masterpiece, but it makes it clear that Mr. O'Donovan should go on writing.

MARTIN SAMPSON.

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The Vehement Flame, by Margaret Deland. New York: Harper Brothers. $2.00.

IN The Vehement Flame Mrs. Deland keeps snugly within the bounds of nice literature. Purporting to be the study of the jealousy of a wife for her much younger husband, it is a book of pale illusions, pale hopes, pale tragedy. It has a happy ending, but the happiness is pale, without spontaneity, struggling into existence a washed-out fern on the moss bank of conventional morality. The fact that there is a prostitute and an illegitimate child in the book does not alter its niceness. The one is a graven image of things as they ought not to be, and the other a symbol of the grievous result of doing things nice people never do. The hero, a boy of nineteen, marries a music teacher twice his age and for ten years fries in the fat of his own stupidity. Besides being the hero, he is the sinner, but by making himself thoroughly miserable until his wife attempts suicide and dies, he wins the girl he ought to have married but didn't. As far as the situation itself goes, it would have been more interesting to know why Maurice committed the grave indiscretion of marrying a woman twice his years, or how a woman could be so stupid as to slip the noose about her neck in such an obvious manner, than to listen to a rather tedious recital of inevitable consequences. The passion of jealousy is a scarcely less interesting result of human contact than the passion of love, but Mrs. Deland robs it of poignancy.

E. W. L.

A Correction

The correct price of Rural Child Welfare by Edward N. Clopper (Macmillan), reviewed in our issue of June 21st, is $3.00.

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Edith Rickert, author of The Reaper and other novels, gives courses in contemporary literature at the University of Chicago.

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